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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 25, 1943
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXIV No. 2279 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPT. 25 1943

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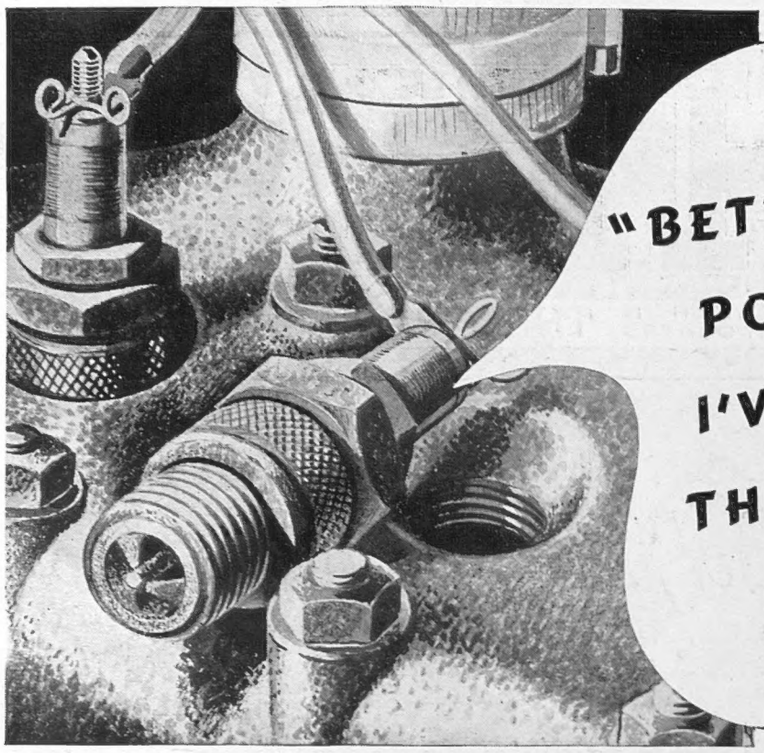

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THE HISTORIC MOMENT WHEN ITALY SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY TO THE ALLIES: THE SCENE IN THE TENT IN SICILY AS GENERAL CASTELLANO (IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, SEATED AT TABLE) SIGNED THE TERMS OF THE ARMISTICE WHICH PUT ITALY OUT OF THE WAR

After the fall of Mussolini, in the middle of the month of August, General Castellano, a high Italian military officer, arrived in Lisbon on behalf of Marshal Badoglio to negotiate for peace. He was informed that Italy must surrender—unconditionally—and later he left for Rome with the Allies' terms. Soon afterwards the same General arrived with Marshal Badoglio's reply at Allied Advanced Headquarters in Sicily: there he was met by an Italian colleague, who had also arrived in our lines, and by General Eisenhower's representatives. General Castellano made the journey to Sicily in a Savoia aircraft: Allied fighter patrols and A.-A. gunners had been warned to watch for the transport plane, which was not to be attacked. High Allied officers were waiting at the Palermo aerodrome: as soon as the Savoia landed, the Italian passengers were driven away by car. The actual armistice was signed at a table in a tent at Allied Headquarters on the island, and the above picture was taken at that historic moment on September 3. From left to right above are seen: Brigadier K. W. D. Strong, British Representative from Allied Force Headquarters; Signor Montenari, of the Italian Foreign Office; General W. B. Smith, of the U.S. Army and American Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower; and General Castellano (in civilian clothes at table), Chief of Staff to General Ambrosio and Marshal Badoglio's representative, actually signing the armistice. (*Further pictures on p. 387 of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 212

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

WAS THEIR JOURNEY REALLY NECESSARY—AND WAS THE CONSUMPTION OF PETROL WARRANTED?

On page 411 of this issue we publish pictures of the two new houses (first of 3,000 farm cottages to be built at some future date) recently opened by the Minister of Health at Hildenborough, in Kent. This is the line of cars which brought various persons to the scene—in a region where trains and buses abound. Probably many of them were "official" cars. Nevertheless, citizens who are no longer allowed the use of petrol might well ask why such an expenditure of petrol was thought necessary on such an occasion

The Armistice — Interim Dividend of 100 Per Cent.—

General Eisenhower, when he made the comment that the acquisition of the Italian Fleet was in itself sufficient proof of the supreme importance to the Allied cause of the Italian capitulation and armistice terms, spoke as a soldier. But he spoke, on naval matters, with all the authority of a soldier who had learned the vital importance to a soldier of sea power. We are, therefore, justified, while so very many of the chief assets of the armistice terms remain to be garnered with blood and sweat, and only after long months of struggle, in contemplating with heartfelt satisfaction the acquisition of this great fleet. Its acquisition is a twofold asset to our war strategy. It releases as many of our ships, class by class, as it adds to the Allied navies. While the Italian Fleet was in Italian ports, enemy ports, it locked up in the Mediterranean a British fleet adequate to deal with its potential dangers. To-day that counter-fleet is freed for duty in other vital spheres, and while we yet know little for certain of what use may be made of the Italian warships in the service of the Allied cause, we can be sure that in the Mediterranean to-day we have a British fleet adequate to exploit the dazzling opportunities which the acquisition of the effective naval bases of Taranto, Brindisi and Crotone offer and afford. And what prospects they are! Hitler's propagandists may make light of Italy's defection and make capital of Italian treachery. His army may, and no doubt will, dispute every mile of the Allied advance northwards from the line Salerno-Foggia, and will seize every tactical or strategical position which can be wrested from Italian arms all over Italy and her islands east and west of the mainland, in Albania, Greece and the Balkans. She may set up a quisling Government in Italy and try to reinflate the punctured Bull-frog. But she cannot enslave the bulk of the Italian people again to totalitarianism, nor restore to the ex-Duce his tarnished panache, nor by any cooking of the accounts turn the bankruptcy and shipwreck of Axis sea power into a favourable balance-sheet.

Mr. Alexander Lifts the Veil.—

In an evening War Commentary Mr. Alexander reviewed the fortunes of the war in the Mediterranean. This was a notable broadcast. It was first of all a well-deserved tribute to the glory of the Mediterranean Fleet and its great Commander, Admiral Cunningham, who has clearly won his place in history alongside Blake, Nelson, *et hoc genus præclarum*. And linked closely with the tribute to this Fleet was one no less deserved and heartfelt to the Merchant Navy and the Air Forces. First, then, a tribute. Second, an acknowledgement of the mercy of Providence to our cause. The First Lord lifted the veil with a vengeance, and the public at last had an opportunity to learn how near, how very near, we came to irretrievable disaster —once and twice. At the time of Pearl Harbour, indeed, only the stoutest hearts (with knowledge of the true facts) could resist the conclusion that, except by a miracle, we faced disaster in the Mediterranean and in the Far East. The British Fleet in the Pacific was eliminated. The U.S. Pacific Fleet was eliminated. The Mediterranean Fleet was crippled and reduced to such weakness that, on paper, the Italian Fleet could work its will in the Mediterranean. Malta, then and long after, was invested, starved, and lived from day to day only. What saved us, saved Malta, saved the Mediterranean for the African and Sicilian victories? Two things: the spirit of the Navy and the fact that the Axis did not know the extent of our losses in capital ships. It was perhaps the greatest bluff in naval history—equal, perhaps, to the grand bluff of the first months of the L.D.V. That stupendous and glorious bluff, that spirit which refused to admit *patent* defeat, made possible the liquidation of Fascism, the invasion of Italy, and the capitulation of the great Italian Fleet, which has at a stroke doubled and trebled the potential offensive power of the Mediterranean Fleet and changed the whole naval strategy and balance of power in this World War. The curtain has been lifted. We in England gasp at the secrets revealed, as we gasped at the secrets of 1917 when they were revealed.

The Musso Mystery.—

The return of the Duce is a great mystery, and for himself, I am convinced, as great a flop as the Return of Sherlock Holmes. Both these returns were brought about by their authors for reasons of personal profit, and neither return enhanced the reputation of the revenant. Doyle sacrificed Holmes for £1,000 a story. Hitler sacrificed the noblest Roman for a peculiarly schoolboyish device which only Germans—those evergreen, nasty schoolboys—could have thought of or thought worth while—the fourth-form room propaganda so dear to Nazism even now. The Italian people, and especially the North Italians, desired his liquidation, and danced with joy at his fall. It was the King and his chosen instrument who brought about his fall, and the nation reacted by rallying to the Italian monarchy. None knows better than Mussolini that the Italian people in bulk have no heart for war, have not the means to make war, are bankrupt, starved and depressed, and apathetic towards any aim but peace and security from high explosives. And now they have parted with the one bargaining counter they retained, the one asset which gave them a potential claim to "rights" in the Mediterranean and an open door in the Allied ring round their shores. That the ex-Duce should choose *such* a moment, with such knowledge of facts and conditions as he surely possesses, to spur the Italian people to fight again beside the Germans, to revive the hated Fascist régime, to resume their fetters, to press again into the maelström, to applaud the Bull-frog's windy periods and ridiculous orders, is clear proof that "the noblest Roman of them all" is physically and mentally a buried Cæsar.

Ups and Downs.—

Looking back on the first critical phase of the battle for the bridgeheads south of Naples, there is little or no ground for criticism of the official bulletins, or of the reports of war correspondents or of its handling by the Press. All these sources of information warned the public to expect a critical phase when the first surprise success had been achieved. It may be that the dominance of the positions held by the enemy, which enabled them so long to rake the beaches and to observe every detail of our beach-work in daylight, was not fully realised and anticipated, and the consolidation of the foothold was perhaps more costly in men and material than our commanders hoped. But the planned objective was attained pretty well within the scheduled time, and was no more costly than might have been expected—at least a few months ago! For, after all, it was the first landing in great force on the mainland of Europe beyond *easy* reach of shore-based aerodromes; and, with no means of estimating how rapid would be the progress of the Eighth Army or how real and useful the co-operation of the Italian Army, the Commander of the Fifth Army and his superiors could hardly have banked on an easier passage to the objective than, in fact, they had. The object is attained, the enemy is falling back northwards. That the Armies have gained useful lessons from this critical phase we may be sure. The public at home may gain valuable lessons also. Setbacks are to be expected. They will be many and grievous, for the Germans are resolute and still arrogant and very strong. But, on the whole, I should judge the public showed restraint and good sense and commendable faith in Allied arms during the critical hours of Salerno.

Dignity Comes Back.—

Indeed, I take a very cheerful view of the British public in its reactions to-day to "those two impostors"—Success and Failure. What a gulf separates us in 1943 from the war mentality of 1900! Forty years of wars and rumours of wars have knocked out of us much of the vulgarity and lightheadedness and fickleness of our fathers' youth. The Mafeking spirit is clearly dead. So, too, is the "Tommy this and Tommy that" spirit. For a generation at least, I bank on Britain to appreciate her Army, Navy and Air Forces, not only when they win successes or are needed to preserve our existence, but at all times, good or bad, in peace and in war. And the same respect and trust and deference will, I think, be given to our farmers and merchant men and essential industrialists when the present critical times are over. In forty years our national character and manners have been tried in a hot fire and have emerged tempered and shorn of much dross and base metal. The worst features of war propaganda—boost and boast, halloo and premature complacency, threat and jeer—have helped towards this great improvement. We have grown to detest and loathe such features and have learned by bitter experience how ineffective, how futile, how dangerous and how undignified were such foolish strokes of a sorry war weapon. I look forward with confidence to an Armistice, one day soon, dignified with a sense of gratitude directed to the right quarters, inspired by a relief too deep and sincere for flag-wagging and pot-house buffoonery, and too real and too intense for heady words and the spirit of revelry and relaxation. An armistice which will be the gateway to a lasting peace.

The Unspeakable Scot?—

Not long ago, after a Highland holiday, I made a polite reference to the charm and sanity of the Highlands and their inhabitants, and as an Englishman, proud of his nationality, I asked why it was that, in the restrictions and austerities of war, we in the South of England seemed to be so unnecessarily treated as naughty schoolboys. A journalist never knows when he will disturb a hornet's nest. I did so then. Angry hornets and queen wasps buzzed round me. I received a bushel of letters of which the grammar and syntax gave evidence of the blind fury I had evoked. I will cite a couple of them. A queen wasp from Kensington 12 pointed out that the hated Scots "only paid an eighth part of the taxation contributed by the United Kingdom and only provided an eighth part of our fighting forces." (I dared not reply that a recent census revealed that the population of England was roughly ten times that of Scotland!) And another, writing from the Cavalry Club—a Sancho mounted on a donkey, with lance in rest, barbed with a nib dipped in vitriol, wrote: "If you think the Highlands so wonderful, why don't you go back and live there? We can spare you. I have been there and they represent a shameful page in our history." What dark experiences in the history of this Cavalry-clubman (who read me in the dentist's waiting-room) induced in him this hatred of the Highlander? What makes the Scot so unspeakable to the lady in Kensington 12? We shall never know.

THE OLD STAGER

GENERAL SMITH, AMERICAN CHIEF OF STAFF, PUTS HIS SIGNATURE TO THE ARMISTICE in the presence of the Italian General who brought Marshal Badoglio's submission

THE ITALIAN SURRENDER

The Scene in the Tent in Sicily; and the Submission of the Italian Navy at Malta

—First Official Photographs of Two Historic Moments

The story of the signing of the Italian Armistice is given on the frontispiece of this issue. Here are another two pictures taken during the same historic ceremony in a tent in Sicily. Although he does not figure in the pictures reproduced here, General Alexander, Deputy Commander-in-Chief, was also present—as was only fitting, considering how much his efforts had contributed to the final collapse of Italy. General Castellano was in civilian clothes, accompanied by a representative of the Italian Foreign Office. The Savoia aircraft in which the Italian emissaries arrived was thoroughly camouflaged during the delegation's stay on the island of several days, so that its presence should not be detected by any hostile observer.

GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER, SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, shakes hands with General Castellano, the Italian Delegate, in the tent in Sicily in which the Armistice with Italy was signed. General Smith is holding the actual document in his hands (on left)

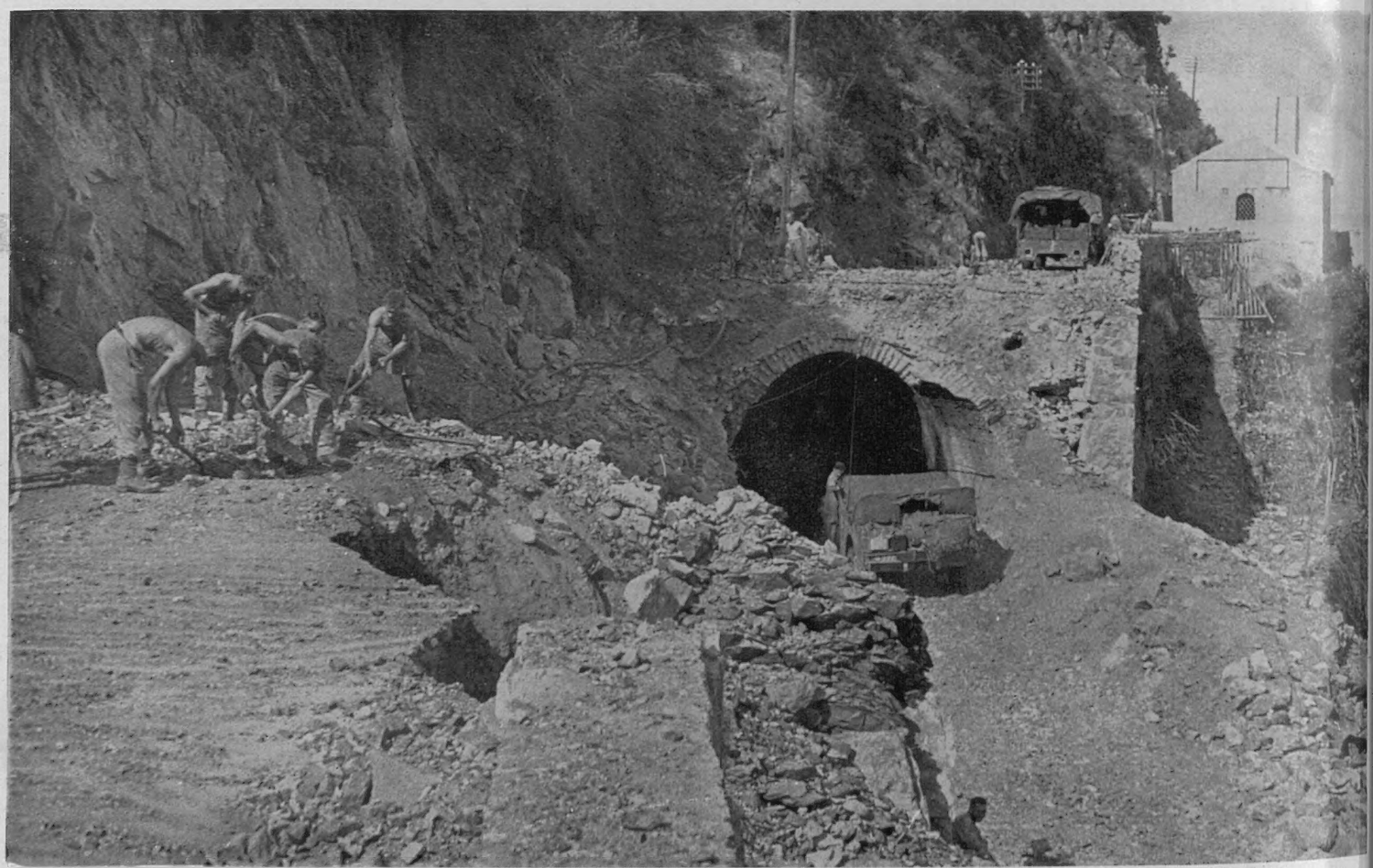
On left—**THE COMMANDER OF THE ITALIAN FLEET comes ashore at Malta after the surrender of his ships.** On Saturday, September 11, a motor-launch pulled up alongside the landing-stage in Malta Harbour and, as a guard of honour formed by British sailors sprang smartly to attention, the Italian Admiral de Zara (Acting Commander-in-Chief) and other senior officers of the Italian Navy stepped ashore, to be greeted by Commodore Royar Dick, Chief of Staff to Admiral Cunningham, and Captain Roderick Edwards, Chief of Staff, Malta. After shaking hands with the Commodore, the Italian Admiral was then invited to inspect the guard of honour: above he is seen passing through the two lines of British blue-jackets with his hand raised in salute. Admiral de Zara then entered a motor-car with Commodore Dick and was driven off to Admiral Cunningham's office at Malta Naval Headquarters. The Italian Navy had surrendered exactly in accordance with the terms of the Armistice, and it was therefore decided that the Italian Admiral should be received ashore with the same ceremonial as if he were a foreign Admiral paying an official visit in peacetime.

ITALY: Salerno Bay; The "Escape" of Mussolini; The Surrender of the Italian Fleet; The Demolitions in Front of the Advancing Eighth Army

SALERNO BAY: THE SCENE ON THE BEACH DURING THE FIRST STAGES OF THE LANDING. This picture was taken very early in the fighting: it shows how one of the bridgeheads was established and prepared. Already a temporary road made of wire meshing has been laid down on the left for the reception of tanks and heavy vehicles. An American amphibious "Duck" is climbing out of the water in the foreground, and troops are already making their way into the interior in the left background. Later came the fierce German onslaughts, which were only repelled after the severest fighting (See also pictures on pages 390-91 of this issue)

"THE SMILING MUSSOLINI" and his rescuers leaving the hotel in the Abruzzi Mountains after his release by German parachutists

The three pictures of the release of Mussolini given here were the first to reach London: these were sent by radio from Berlin to Stockholm, after publication in various German newspapers. Apparently the ex-Duce had been imprisoned in the Gran Sasso Hotel in the mountains north of Rome. A party of parachutists were landed in front of this establishment, the Italian guard was overpowered and Mussolini was released. Here is the German description of the scene: "The smiling Duce, who is wearing a black overcoat with collar pulled up, is followed by a civilian carrying his luggage. A group of German S.S. men and



THE DEMOLITIONS CARRIED OUT BY THE GERMANS IN FRONT OF THE ADVANCING EIGHTH ARMY IN THE "TOE": Royal Engineers clearing away debris to build a bridge over a cratered mountain road near Scilla, while transport takes to the railway tracks and passes through the tunnel. This was only one of the many considerable demolitions whereby the enemy hoped to delay the junction of the Eighth with the Fifth Army. The mountain road was dynamited and huge piles of rubble were collapsed on to the tracks at the mouth of the railway tunnel. The entrance was quickly cleared, however, and Bren-gun carriers and other vehicles immediately began moving through the tunnel, which is half a mile in length: meanwhile, the sappers set to work to rebuild the cratered road. In the result, the Eighth Army moved rapidly up the coast, eventually joining up with the Fifth Army to beat off the heavy German assaults on the Salerno bridgeheads

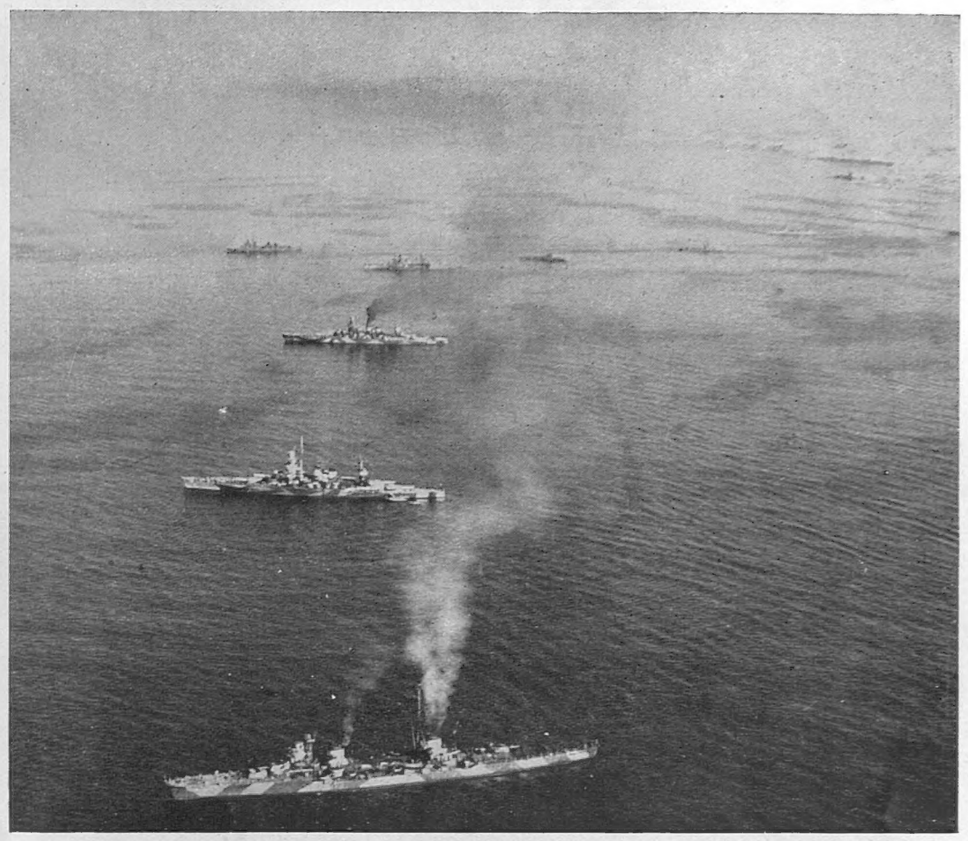
ONE OF THE PICTURES RELEASED BY THE GERMANS after their "rescue" of Mussolini. He is in civilian clothes, and around him are the German parachutists

THE GRAN SASSO HOTEL IN THE ABRUZZI MOUNTAINS, where Mussolini had been kept prisoner

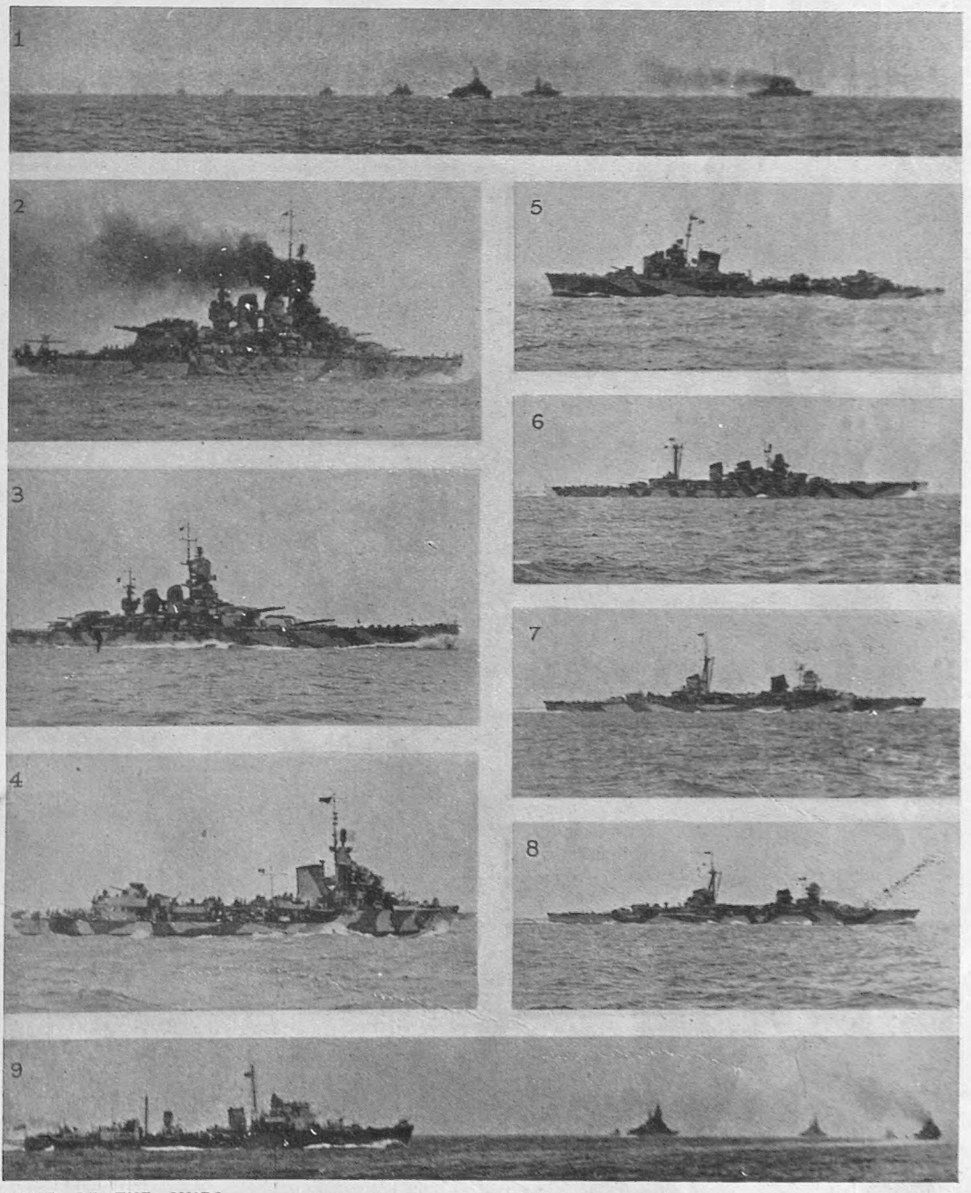
paratroops are likewise smiling. In the background, inside the door through which the Duce left the hotel where he had been detained, an Italian guard in uniform is seen standing. The picture was taken by the German war reporter Kayser, who took part in the rescue."

THE PART PLAYED BY THE R.A.F. in the battle for the Salerno Beaches. The road junction at Castelnuova, east of Naples, wiped out by R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. bombers. This was one of the main roads over which the Germans brought supplies and reinforcements against the Fifth Army in the Salerno area

On right—
1—A general view of the Fleet.
2—The Italian flagship, *Italia.*
3—The 35,000-ton battleship, *Vittorio Veneto.*
4—The destroyer *Oriani.*
5—An Avieri class destroyer.
6—A 7,000-ton Garibaldi class cruiser.
7—The cruiser *Eugenio di Savoia.*
8—The 7,280-ton cruiser *Emanuele Filiberto Duca d'Aosta.*
9—H.M.S. *Hambledon,* with General Eisenhower and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham on board, photographed during the passage of the surrendering Italian Fleet towards Malta.



THE SCENE OUTSIDE MALTA DURING THE SURRENDER OF THE ITALIAN FLEET. This picture was taken just outside the Grand Harbour. Valetta lies away to the right; in the centre are some of the Italian battleships and cruisers, with a few British craft, just after their arrival



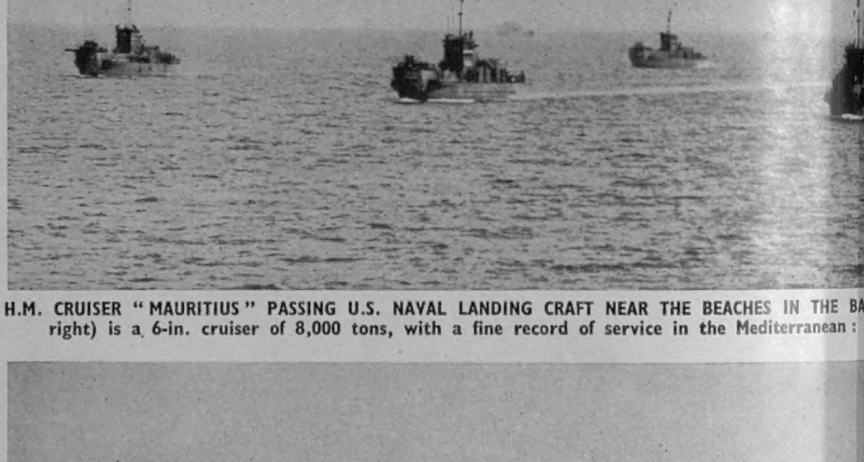
SOME OF THE SHIPS AS THEY NEARED MALTA ON SEPTEMBER 10. All the photographs in this composite picture were taken as the Italian vessels neared the Grand Harbour to surrender to Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham (key on left)

THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT WHICH COVERED THE ACTUAL LANDING AT SALERNO: Having escorted [illegible] entrenchments: this battering from the sea continued throughout all the bitter fighting [illegible] in mist a

SALERNO BAY

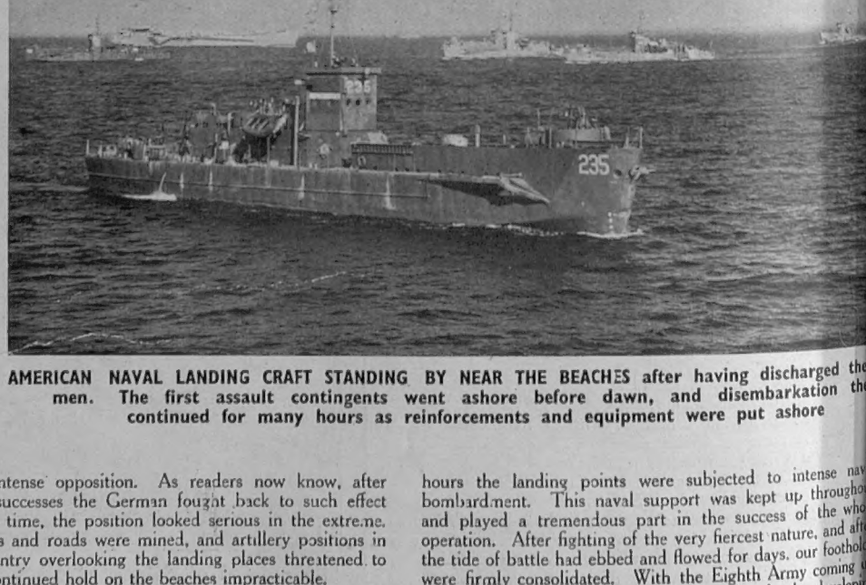
How the Fifth Army was put Ashore on September 9 to Establish a Bridgehead in the Naples Area

—First pictures of a great Amphibious Operation



H.M. CRUISER "MAURITIUS" PASSING U.S. NAVAL LANDING CRAFT NEAR THE BEACHES IN THE BA right) is a 6-in. cruiser of 8,000 tons, with a fine record of service in the Mediterranean:

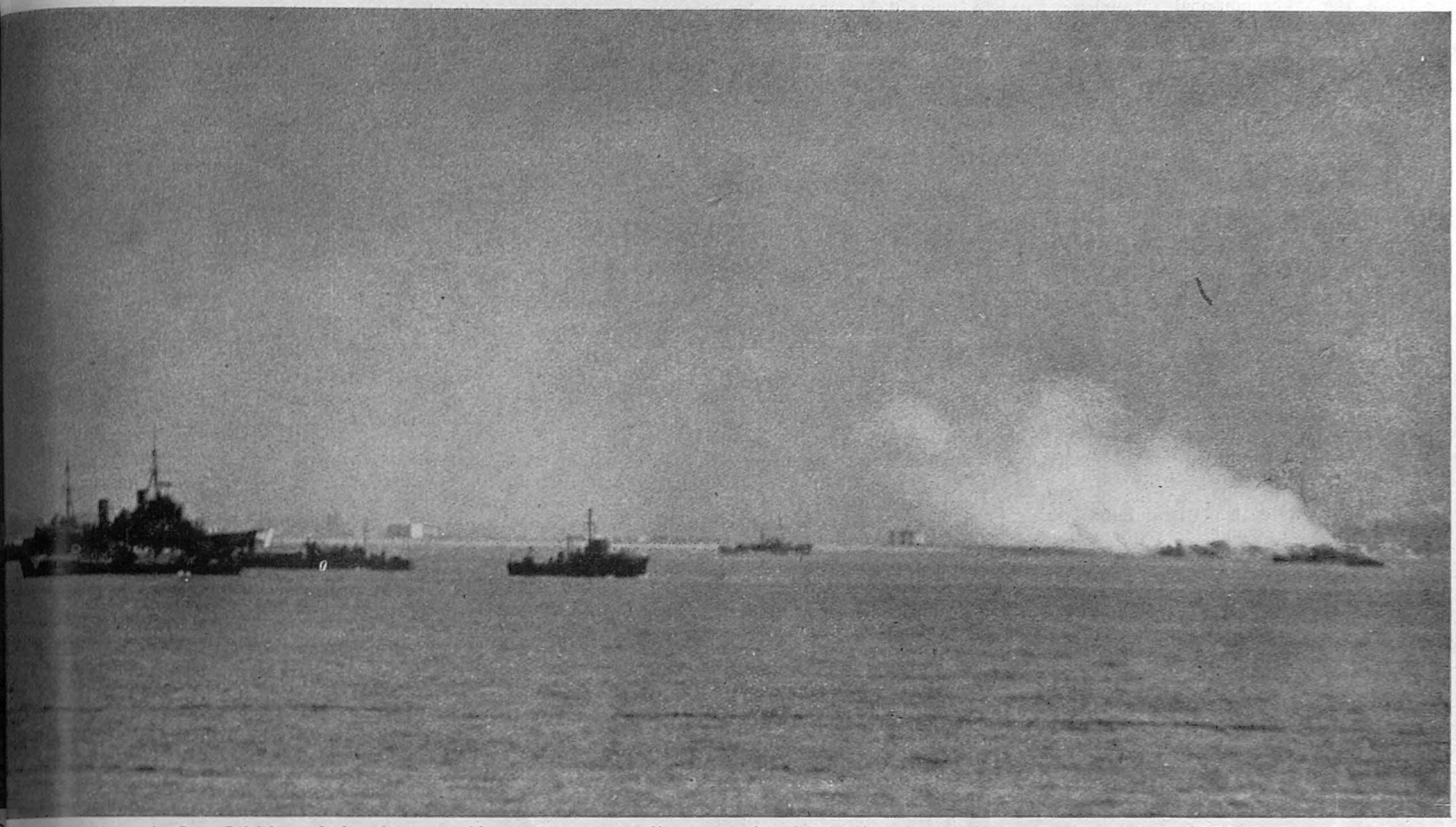
ON THE VOYAGE INTO THE BAY: Lieut.-Commander Malcolm, Commanding Officer of the minesweeper "Circe," addresses the ship's company and tells them of the part they are to play



AMERICAN NAVAL LANDING CRAFT STANDING BY NEAR THE BEACHES after having discharged the men. The first assault contingents went ashore before dawn, and disembarkation th continued for many hours as reinforcements and equipment were put ashore

At 3.30 a.m. on the morning of September 9, Allied troops made their landing on the shores of Salerno Bay, to the south of Naples. Unfortunately, only some of the Italian forces holding shore positions had been informed that an Armistice had been effected with the Allies: consequently. the Germans had some hours in which to take over all the coastal defence positions which had previously been manned solely by the Italians. When our forces were landed they met with intense opposition. As readers now know, after our initial successes the German fought back to such effect that, at one time, the position looked serious in the extreme. The beaches and roads were mined, and artillery positions in the hill country overlooking the landing places threatened to make our continued hold on the beaches impracticable.

The invasion fleet was very large: escorted by British and American warships, it sailed straight into the Bay, and for hours the landing points were subjected to intense nav bombardment. This naval support was kept up throughou and played a tremendous part in the success of the who operation. After fighting of the very fiercest nature, and aft the tide of battle had ebbed and flowed for days, our footho were firmly consolidated. With the Eighth Army coming rapidly from the south, what had once appeared to be develop into disaster was converted into another great success.



nding craft into the Bay, British and American warships put up a terrific supporting bombardment against the Germans' well-established shore batteries and and. The above picture shows the scene as the big guns scored hits on the shore, with a very big blaze away to the right and the hills along the Bay shrouded moke : it was taken by an Official Naval Photographer aboard one of the warships

umbers of smaller landing craft were used in preference to the larger types or the big passenger liners used in other Allied landings. "Mauritius" (on extreme vas only one of a big concentration of warships in Salerno Bay throughout the landings and later. This picture was taken from H.M.S. Minesweeper "Circe"

THE FIRST TROOPS ASHORE : American soldiers on the beach moving up to take the positions assigned to them near the town of Salerno

THE FIRST BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS IS ROUNDED UP : They are being marched away, with hands held high, by their American captors

THE ALLIED EQUIPMENT IS LANDED : A Sherman tank goes into action near the town of Battipaglia, where very fierce fighting took place and where the town changed hands many times. Note the two Allied soldiers in the ditch at the extreme right of the picture

CIVILIANS ALSO SURRENDER IN TOTAL WAR

The Growing Fear Throughout Germany of What May Happen when the Allies Finally Triumph. By FERDINAND TUOHY

BECAUSE the "unconditional surrender" fiat of Casablanca did not require to be enlarged upon beforehand, at least publicly, for the Italians to cease fighting us, does not prove that it should be retained as the last word for Germans also.

There were circumstances in the Italians' case which are not to be found in that of the Germans. The Italian armed forces, particularly the Navy, had no relish for fighting British and Americans, and this exceptional absence of hostility was more pronounced still among Italian civilians. And it worked in a natural manner as the shadow of an armistice steadily rose, causing Italians in general to put trust in the assured victors and in their eventual clemency. The "unconditional" came off because Italians knew within themselves that those to whom they were surrendering were imbued by friendliness.

Italy was not even disarmed, because the Allies were in no position to complete the process. She was even invited to utilise her armed forces to exact compliance with the armistice provisions.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the differences between the above state of affairs and that which confronts the *Wehrmacht* and the German people.

HIMMLER SMILES. With the late Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador to Berlin, during the latter's pre-war visit to the S.S. camp at Hasenbuck during a Nazi Party Congress

A hating, ferocious German Army, heavily ex-Hitler Youth, speaks in this vein: "We shall soon have no country to go to, and no place where we shall be welcomed. May as well die!" Nazi officials echo a mood well calculated to make men fight on without a glimmer of hope: "After defeat, there will be only one thing left for us to do—to cut our arteries, for there will be no poison available. Those who do not commit suicide will be tortured to death."

The German civil population, for its part, shares none of the Italian people's trust in the leniency and goodwill of the coming conquerors. Judging by utterances having an authentic ring, German civilians do not credit the Goebbels tale that virtual extermination awaits them. Yet the question they ask most often: "Is it true that we will all be punished?" denotes uncertainty in their minds as to whether the Allies intend to differentiate between the Nazi Party and Germans as a whole. This anxiety comes out more strongly in a second constant preoccupation: "Need it go farther than the defeat of our armies, perhaps on German soil? Must you let loose avenging hordes of angry Poles and Czechs upon our homes?"

To say nothing of avenging hordes of Russians. But for that, the west has no responsibility. The words I have quoted do, however, solemnly point to the possibility of Germany's civilians clamouring for surrender to be made to the west once they are given grounds for trusting the British and Americans. In that event, they might be glad enough to let the political, financial and economic clauses follow later, as the Italians agreed to. Of course, this supposes that civilians can assert themselves in war, even under a Himmler, when there are 70,000,000 of them.

I go farther and suggest that some of what went amiss over the Italian yielding and what confronts us inside Germany, together form a strong argument in favour of disconnecting, for purposes of a "psychological offensive," the two distinct and mighty elements that compose total war: the fighting forces and the much larger Home Front of production and supply. That, in fact, this first total war has demonstrated the wisdom of formulating a separate surrender approach towards enemy civilians; that "unconditional surrender" was insufficiently thought out, is too rigid, and can no longer be profitably applied to all and sundry, in and out of uniform, in this country and that.

Incidentally, I have wondered if the American Civil War can have had anything to do with all the trumpeting of this "blanket" invitation with its "cold and grim uncertainties," to quote V. Bartlett. The last historic occasion upon which the extreme exaction was imposed was Appommatox, of which there is a savour in Secretary Hull's dictum that "Italy's surrender will be taken on the field of battle" (was it?). Yet there is no comparison between that fratricidal, localised, one-issue war of eighty years ago and the present teeming, total conflict involving whole continents and many races, and shot by every kind of cross-current, play and counter-play.

Military critics acquiesce in this view when they call for a larger infusion of the political arm. "The main promise of victory is psychological rather than military," writes one leading exponent, "provided the other side are wise enough to offer them [the enemy people] a loophole of escape from ruin." Into which one may read: "It is to be the end of the *Wehrmacht*, but not of German civil life, so don't let 's talk to each in identical terms of yielding."

That unconditional surrender should stay in respect of Hitler's armies, none will more readily applaud than those who came across the astonishing story of the Germans' march back to the Rhine at the end of November 1918. Not only were they allowed to go leisurely bearing arms and with a five-day gap between their rear-guard and the Allied vanguard; they marched back through towns and villages garlanded by the locals, who received the retiring columns as victors! Believe it or not, but over the main street of Düren floated a banner with the words "Siegreich Grüssen Wir Unsere Helden" ("victoriously we greet our heroes") which, when translated, caused many a Tommy to ejaculate, "I thought we won this war?"

So when we read of German troops discussing "what would happen if we capitulate?" they need be left in no doubt. They will give themselves and their arms up wherever they may be, and no pleas of "avoiding confusion" and "preventing Bolshevism" (as were successfully made last time) shall alter things. German troops must not be allowed another "soldierly return to the Fatherland," since that was the origin of the invincibility myth upon which Hindenburg and Von Seeckt built anew for the present war. German troops will pass completely under United Nations control, from Field-marshal to private, the instant the cease-fire sounds. They can know, though, that no one will want to keep them a second longer than necessary, that the length and method of constraint put upon them will be conditioned by the progressive succouring of the 12,000,000 foreign slaves in and around Germany, and that, for the rest, the military laws of The Hague will cover all save a relatively small Nazi leavening well known for its enormities to the German rank-and-file itself. Even so, this German Army will say it was beaten by the bombing of German civilians. Let it. All the world knows it was thrashed in fair combat by the Russians, while the sooner German militarists grasp that invincibility is now a total affair, military *and* civilians, the less foolish will they appear.

So much for the surrender of the *Wehrmacht*. What of German civilians?

In total war, are there not two surrenders to be taken into account? War has now to be waged as bitterly and directly against civilians as against the armed forces, which of itself suggests that civilians are as much entitled to consideration as the military when the terms under which a nation shall abandon the fight are concerned. Of course, in the last analysis, Government speaks unto Government on behalf of both military and civilians, but that doesn't invalidate our grappling beforehand with each element separately if this be the dexterous, war-shortening way.

We can answer that question German civilians are asking, "Is it true we will all be punished?" as clearly as we can the *Wehrmacht's* curiosity. One quite understands why German civilians are moved to ask it—they know what was done to others, in their name, in victory, and they fear the same for themselves. Well, they can be told in some detail how the Allies' treatment of the German people will be governed by self-protection, not revenge, and that Germany will be lifted up in time, chiefly because it doesn't pay to have a wounded pariah as neighbour.

Allied leaders have from time to time conveyed as much? Yes, but not as an official act-of-war policy. What is wanted is a concerted psychological descent upon the German people along these lines, not spasmodical utterances. A statement of our intended handling of civilian Germany as clear-cut as our unconditional requirement of her armed forces, and a deal can be said on this issue now without jeopardising plans bearing on Germany's future structure.

Some may argue that the dual approach will not differ greatly, in essence, from existing propaganda. To that, there 's a Churchillian reply. "There 's no harm in trying it." Particularly at the present time, when one hears that R.A.F. leaflets are in such wide demand.

The fear is that the success the Northcliffe propaganda had in 1918 in undermining the resistance of the German troops may be repeated, but in respect of German civilians this time; plain invitation to proceed on the premise that civilians also surrender in total war.

In the meantime, Russia is going ahead on this very assumption. Stalin subscribed to "unconditional surrender," too, but that doesn't stop his frequent dangling of terms to civilian Germany through the "Free Germany" movement sponsored by the Kremlin. We may rest assured that the victorious Marshal will exact every bit as unconditional a surrender of "the Hitlerite hordes" as we shall. But he has clearly formed the conclusion that he is at liberty to talk separately to German civilians, and that it pays to do so.

THE MAN WHOSE TASK IT IS TO KEEP GERMANY UNDER THE NAZI HEEL—Heinrich Himmler, the schoolmaster turned "soldier," whose mild exterior conceals a savage, sadistic soul

HIMMLER IN SPAIN: In November 1940, with the Spanish General Moscardo inspecting the ruins of the Alcazar at Toledo

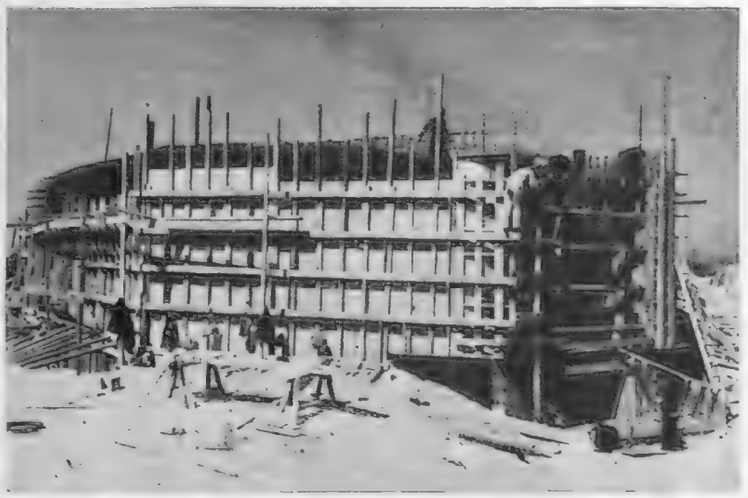
FROM BEHIND THE VEIL IN GERMANY

Recent Pictures from Enemy Territory, Showing What is Going On Within the "Fortress Europa," Now Under Threat of an Allied Invasion

THE NAZIS MAKE HOLLAND "INVASION-PROOF" by the ruthless destruction of buildings in The Hague: The ruined Duinoordkerk on the outskirts of the city, where Queen Wilhelmina occasionally worshipped

ANOTHER RUINED DUTCH CHURCH: The Roman Catholic Church which was dedicated to the Martyrs of Gorinehem. From its pulpits were read all the Pastoral Letters in which the Bishops attacked the Nazi ideology

WHAT REMAINS OF THE HOUSE OF THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER, DR. COLIJN, in the well-known Zorgvliet Park between The Hague and Scheveningen. Some time ago, aerial reconnaissance by the R.A.F. revealed some of the steps which the Nazis are taking in Holland—and especially at The Hague—to make that country proof against invasion by the Allies. The latest reports reaching London indicate that a ruthless destruction of private and public buildings has taken place in order to clear areas where their retention might prove a help to the invaders. The demolition work has necessitated the evacuation of between 90,000 and 100,000 people: it has also included the removal of one-fifth of The Hague's buildings. Behind a first line of defence consisting of a concrete wall along the beach, a belt 600 ft. wide and 1½ miles inland has been laid bare to form a real "defence zone." Everything which stood in the way has been demolished, including five churches, a great Red Cross Hospital, and thousands of buildings



THE CONSTRUCTION OF GERMANY'S GREAT "ATLANTIC WALL" CONTINUES. In spite of the Nazi claim some months ago that their great barriers to invasion had been completed all along the European coastline, construction work is still continuing at many points. Here, for example, is a scene from the French coast, where a great steel-and-concrete position is still in course of erection. It is a measure of German nervousness concerning invasion that they should still be spending time, labour and materials on such work after having announced that their plans had been completed

AFTER AN ALLIED AIR RAID IN WEST GERMANY. A temporary "Information Bureau" has been set up in the street of a city which had been heavily bombed by the Allies the night before. Here distressed citizens can get advice and help on their different problems. Similar measures were adopted in English cities during the blitz of 1940 and 1941

HOW THE GERMANS HAVE ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO AIR-RAID CONDITIONS. This picture from an enemy publication shows the arrangement of a "model" air-raid shelter. As our bombing of Germany grows, all previous shyness about the publicising of such matters has vanished, and German citizens are now daily being exhorted to prepare for the visits of our bombers and the devastating effects of our big raids. The numbers in the picture indicate the following: 1—Wardens—of both sexes: note the steel helmets; 2—blankets, for use when the shelter has to be evacuated through fire; 3—emergency valises, containing medical supplies, toilet requisites and personal papers; 4—escape hatch, if the ordinary exit should become blocked; 5—a metal fireguard, presumably for use against incendiaries

AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS and ESCORT CARRIERS

The Two Types which have Played a Part in the Anti-U-Boat Campaign

The large and the small aircraft-carriers of the Royal and the U.S. Navies have contributed very materially to the present highly satisfactory state of the anti-submarine campaign in the Atlantic. H.M.S. *Archer*, which is shown on the left, was one of the first merchant ships to be converted into an escort carrier: she has already scored known successes at sea and she is still pursuing new tactics to dispose of threats by the remaining U-boats to Allied shipping. An escort carrier is an aircraft-carrier in miniature. The picture on the left shows some interesting points. Above the bow a new flat deck has been built many feet above the water-line: between the flight deck and the lower deck, therefore, is a considerable space which can be used for workshops and hangars and storage space. The old bridge has been removed, and a small and narrow control bridge substituted at the vessel's starboard side. Although comparatively small, the flight deck has been found adequate for the pilots of the Fleet Air Arm to take off and land on

H.M.S. "ARCHER," ONE OF THE FIRST MERCHANTMEN TO BE CONVERTED INTO AN ESCORT CARRIER: A remarkable picture of the flight deck taken from a plane just as it took off at sea. Note the ship's tiny control tower on the starboard side

AN UNUSUAL VIEW, taken along the starboard side of one of Britain's latest aircraft-carriers, showing the "Island." Such a vessel would have a tonnage of 23,000—against an escort carrier's 7,000 to 12,000 tons. The "island," or bridge, from which the ship is navigated and from which the flying operations are controlled, is pushed to one side so as not to hinder the aircraft. When flying operations are in progress the wireless antennæ are lowered flat

***Above*—ALLIED AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS RANGE VERY FAR NORTH IN THE ARCTIC.** This is the deck of an American vessel covered deep in snow and ice in the height of summer—for the picture was taken whilst the carrier was operating within the Arctic Circle. Such continuous, untiring patrol work, day in and day out, has brought fine results: in August, for instance, more enemy U-boats were sunk than Allied merchant ships. They were sent to the bottom by escort ships and big aircraft flown from aircraft-carriers and escort carriers. The Germans put up a powerful resistance to our attacks, but the U-boats have, nevertheless, been hunted relentlessly wherever they appeared. During the summer months the Allies have sunk an average of nearly one submarine a day. In accordance with American practice, the aircraft seen on the flight deck in the picture above are pegged down at the ship's stern—some with wings folded, others in a normal attitude. By this means more aircraft can be accommodated, and they can be prepared for flight more quickly

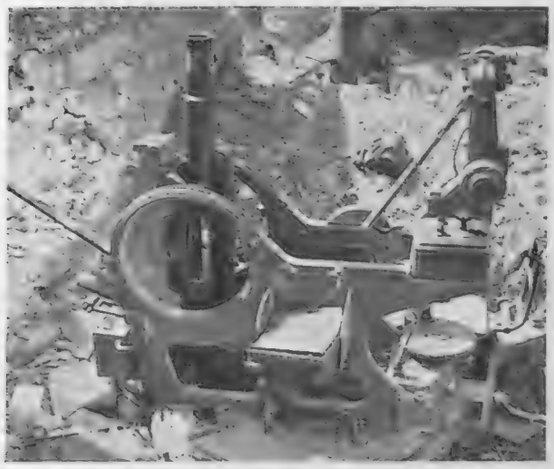
***On right*—THE "ICE-PACK PATROL" OF THE R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND.** Besides hunting and attacking the U-boats in the North Atlantic, Coastal Command carry out another regular patrol—less spectacular, perhaps, but of almost equal importance. The "Ice-Pack Patrol" is charged with the task of keeping open the shipping lanes through the North Atlantic. Aircraft based on Iceland maintain a constant watch on the icebergs and brash ice which thaw during the summer and then float down from the Arctic Circle. Unless watched and plotted, the icebergs and mush ice may menace the safety of vessels using the most northerly Atlantic routes. Not since the war started has a ship been lost or involved in trouble with this drift-ice, thanks to the accurate and regular information provided by this Far Northern Patrol of the R.A.F. In this picture, taken in the lee of a rock-bound coast, all shapes and sizes of ice may be seen: a good number of the smaller floes will, of course, have dissolved long before they reach southerly latitudes

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ARGUS" CELEBRATES HER SILVER JUBILEE: A scene in one of the great hangars below the flight deck on board the veteran vessel which recently completed twenty-five years of continuous service with the Royal Navy

H.M.S. *Argus* is celebrating her silver jubilee somewhere at sea, for she is still hard at work after twenty-five years. In two wars she has flown off her deck every kind of aircraft ever used at sea: in this war she has taken part in many historic operations. In the desperate days between August 1940 and November 1941, squadron after squadron of Hurricanes were flown off her deck to reinforce gallant Malta. In 1942 *Argus* was back again in the Mediterranean, where she played her part in the North African landings. To-day she is once more in home waters, where new pilots—who were not born when she was commissioned!—are learning the art of putting aircraft safely down on a landing deck. *Argus* has a displacement of 14,000 tons, which is much less than that of modern vessels of her type: she was begun in 1914 and was intended as an Italian liner, but after the opening of the 1914-18 war she was redesigned and completed in September 1918 as an aircraft-carrier: she was thus the first vessel of her type in the world. The cost of the ship was £1,300,000. She was again refitted in 1937 as a Queen Bee tender; and since 1939 she has again been modified for operation as a first-line aircraft-carrier. She has an overall length of 565 ft., carries a complement of 375 and has a speed of 20 knots

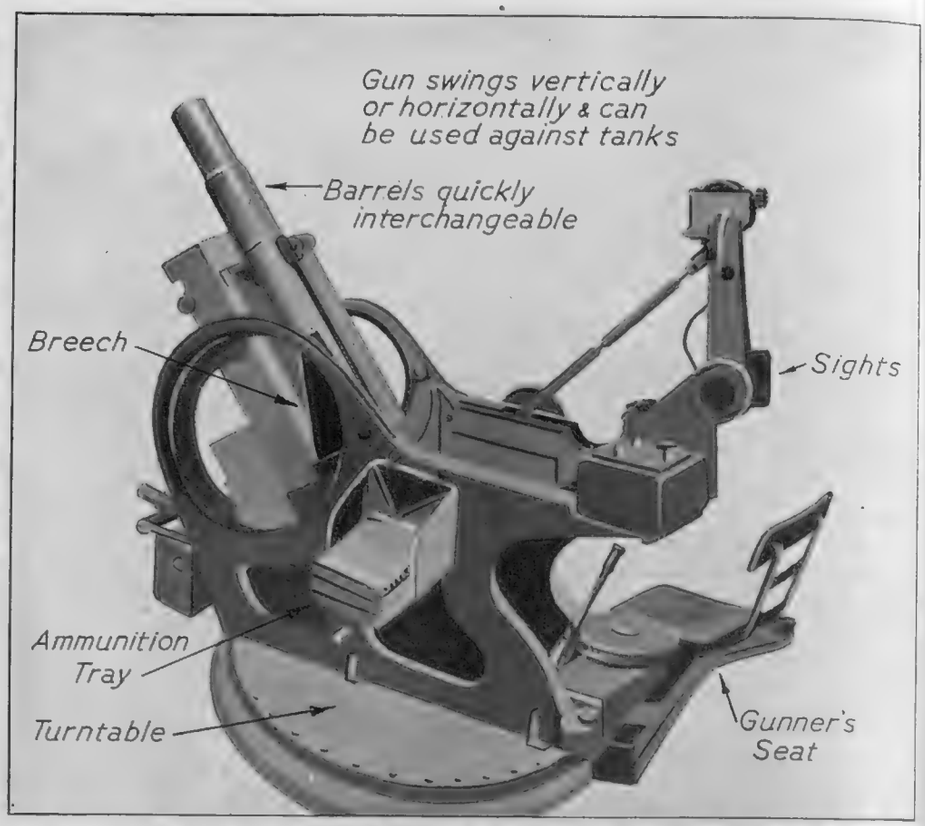
A NEW TYPE GERMAN A.-A. GUN

—Found Abandoned in Sicily



A GERMAN 20-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, as it was found in Regalbuto after that town's capture in Sicily

The picture reproduced above comes from Regalbuto, in the Island of Sicily: it was taken in the Cemetery, where the gun had been placed as one of the German outer defences of the hill-town, and it shows a 20-mm. anti-aircraft gun of an unfamiliar type. A complete drawing of it appears on the right. The gun may appear to have been designed awkwardly, but it has gained quite a reputation for accurate, rapid fire to a height of some 7,000 ft. It works on the machine-gun principle, from magazines of ammunition inserted in the breech (which can be discerned below the barrel). The operator sits on the stool on the right, and has his sights above him. The circular framework is designed for the swift turning of the weapon, whether perpendicularly or horizontally. The barrels are interchangeable, and the ammunition is like that used with the Oerlikon gun. The weapon has often been used, with effect, against tanks. It is, however, a heavy piece for its size, and not so mobile as our own guns of the same class.



HOW THE 20-MM. A.-A. GUN IS CONSTRUCTED, and the details of its design
—A drawing made by B. C. Wood

The picture on the immediate left shows one of our own 3·7-in. A.-A. weapons. These fine guns are very mobile: they can be moved quickly to new areas, to meet any change in raiding tactics which the *Luftwaffe* might try on this country. The disposition of these guns (which are similar to those which shot down an Me. 109G. flying seven miles high over a South Coast town recently) is constantly under review by Anti-Aircraft Command

A BRITISH 3·7-IN. A.-A. GUN ON THE MOVE. The vehicle which tows the gun also accommodates the complete gun-crew detachment (see *note*)

A NEW OIL SUPPLY FOR THE EMPIRE

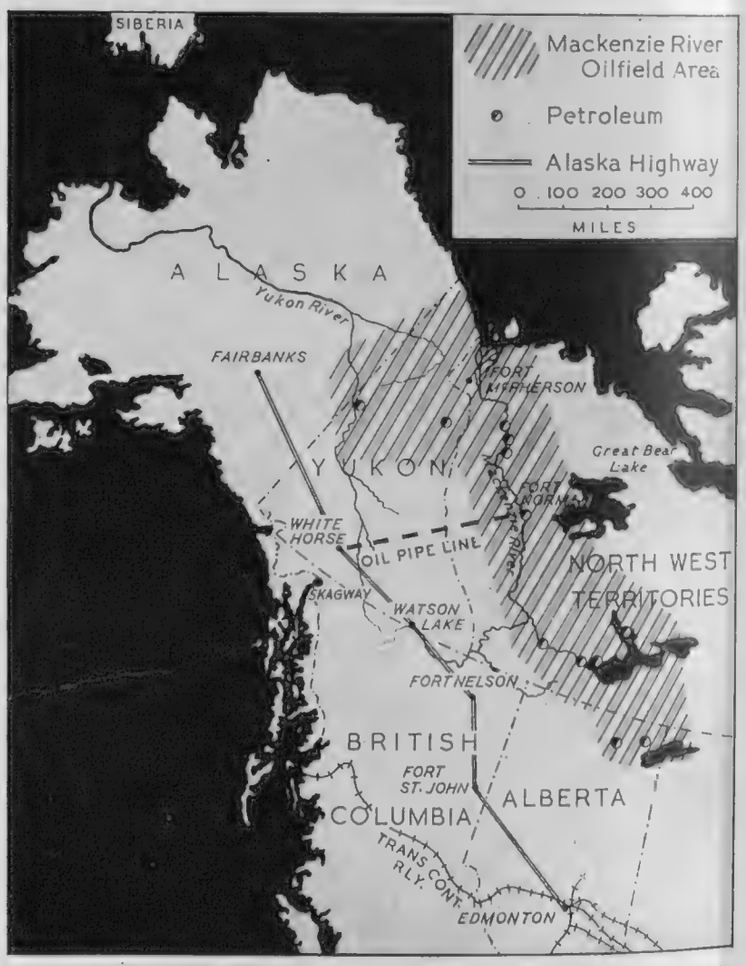
Discovered in North-West Canada, and Linked Up with the Great Alaskan Highway

Perhaps it was oil that prompted the switch of the Alaska Highway to a more eastern route than that originally intended, for the final choice brings the Road within what would appear to be a practicable approach to a proved oilfield of great potentiality. Following the discovery and survey of the extensive tar sand belt along the Athabasca River near Fort McMurray, oil scouts extended their investigations northwards to the Mackenzie River, along the banks of which oil manifestations had been reported by intrepid trappers and mineral prospectors.

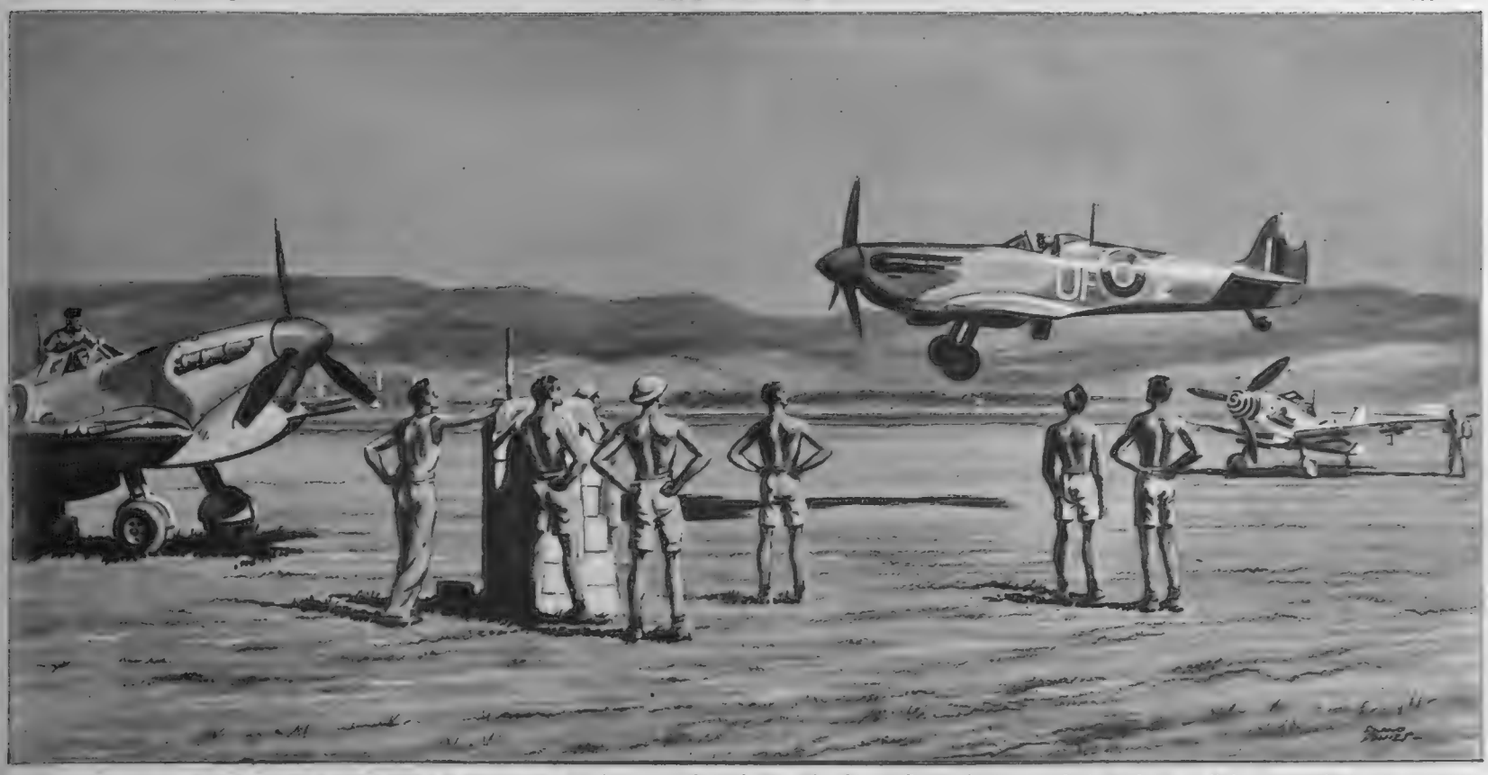
Although too distant from markets to offer immediate prospects of economic development, the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, an enterprising and wealthy subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company, undertook extensive geological surveys along the Mackenzie River, and eventually located a structure upon which productive oil wells were drilled. The oil pool lies some fifty miles north of Fort Norman and only 100 miles south of the Arctic Circle, and in consequence of mining activity around the Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes, a small refinery was erected, designed to supply the fuel requirements of the mines. The high-grade oil is derived from strata of Palæozoic age in an area where the beds are inflected—producing anticlines and synclines, such as favour oil concentration.

Although only 300 miles separate the oilfield from the Alaska Highway, the intervening country is believed to be almost impassable through forest and swamps; but about 450 miles southwards, near Nelson, the road crosses the Liard River, a tributary of the Mackenzie River, which might possibly be used for water carriage. Distances on land are so considerable, however, that air conveyance of aviation- and motor-spirit might prove more economic, once landing-grounds have been prepared. For years regular air services have been maintained up the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers to convey miners and trappers to and from the Arctic regions: the broad rivers and large lakes constitute admirable landmarks and landing-grounds for hydroplanes in summer and ice-dromes in winter. Until recently the refinery, with a capacity of 800 barrels a day, was operated only in the winter months, when some 20,000 barrels of oil, raised and stored in the summer, were treated.

The nearest other source of useful oil supply is that of the Turner Valley, near Calgary, where a potential production far in excess of demands within an economic range of markets awaits an outlet. The other obvious supply centre for the Highway is California, but this necessitates a 2,000-mile voyage in tankers through the Pacific, and a difficult crossing of the Rocky Mountains if long road hauls are to be avoided



A VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE OIL WEALTH OF CANADA—The new Mackenzie oilfield in the far North-West. The oil-bearing area is clearly marked in this map: it occupies the whole basin of the Mackenzie River. Running up from Edmonton, in Canada, and terminating at Fairbanks, in Alaska, is the great Alaska Highway, built recently for war strategic purposes



On a Captured Italian Airfield

A Scene at Reggio as British Fighters come in to Land —Drawing by Roland Davies

Reggio airfield was captured early on Friday morning, September 3, the day on which the first landings in Italy were made. The R.A.F. servicing "Commandos," with the assistance of sappers, were at work within a few hours repairing the runway and field, which had been cratered in many places by our bombers. Scattered around the airfield they found the remains of fifty-six Axis planes. Many of these had been wrecked by our bombs, but others had been damaged or destroyed by the Axis to prevent them falling into our hands intact.

It was apparent that the airfield had been out of action for a considerable time. Here Allied bombers had carried out the same frightful bombing as they had done on Catania landing ground. The entire runway had been rendered useless to the enemy. There was a great bomb-crater gap in the ground every few yards. Concrete control buildings had been demolished and a mass of twisted wire girders was all that remained of airplane shelters. On the 'drome burned-out enemy planes sprawled in crazy attitudes. If there was ever any doubt as to effectiveness of Allied bombing recently, Catania and Reggio landing grounds removed all doubts. Very soon, however, the "Commandos" of the R.A.F. (who first learned their tasks in the Libyan and Tunisian deserts, and have been improving in speed and efficiency ever since) had got the field put right, and British fighters were soon landing and taking off with comparative ease. The scene at Reggio within a few hours of its capture is shown in the above drawing, with a Spitfire just returned from patrol. On the right is a Messerschmitt 109, captured when we took over the field

Rendezvous in the Sky

A Fighter Escort meets Flying Fortresses returning from a Raid —Drawing by Roland Davies

One of the reasons for the recent successes of Allied bombers has been the perfect co-operation with the fighter escorts which take them out—as far as practicable—and then meet them over the French coast on their journey home. Over the target, of course, the bombers are unescorted, as the fighters' range does not permit of their going so far. But casualties can be, and are, averted once the fighters and bombers have made contact on the way home. In recent reports it has been stated that British Spitfires have met returning Fortresses "with Bradshaw precision" at the rendezvous. One such meeting is depicted in the above drawing: "When we made the rendezvous," said one of the British pilots who took part in the operation with the Fighter force, "the Fortresses were flying in excellent formation. As we arrived, four F.W. 190's were attacking one bomber. We saw a F.W. 190 shot down in flames by the Fortress and the three others made off." In the drawing the leading Spitfire fighters have already dived down on to the enemy "out of the sun" to join in the rout of the German aircraft

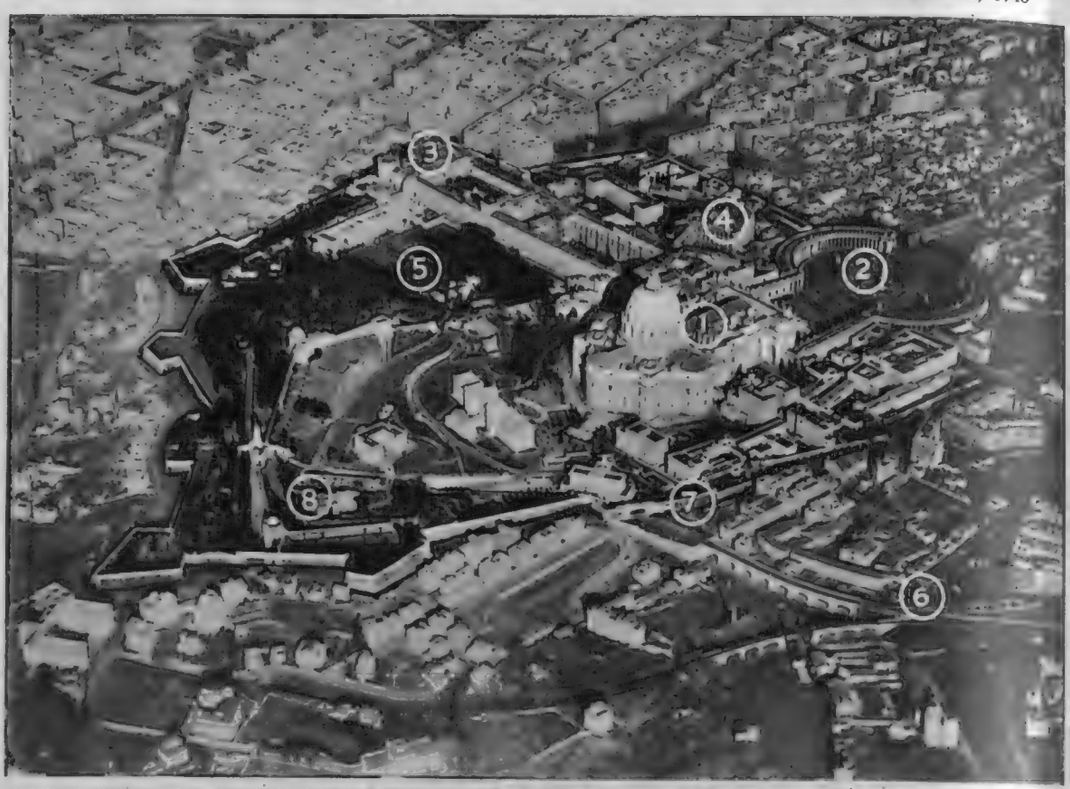
The GERMANS in ROME

The Renewed Threat to the Italian Capital, which the Nazis Now Say is Not an "Open City"

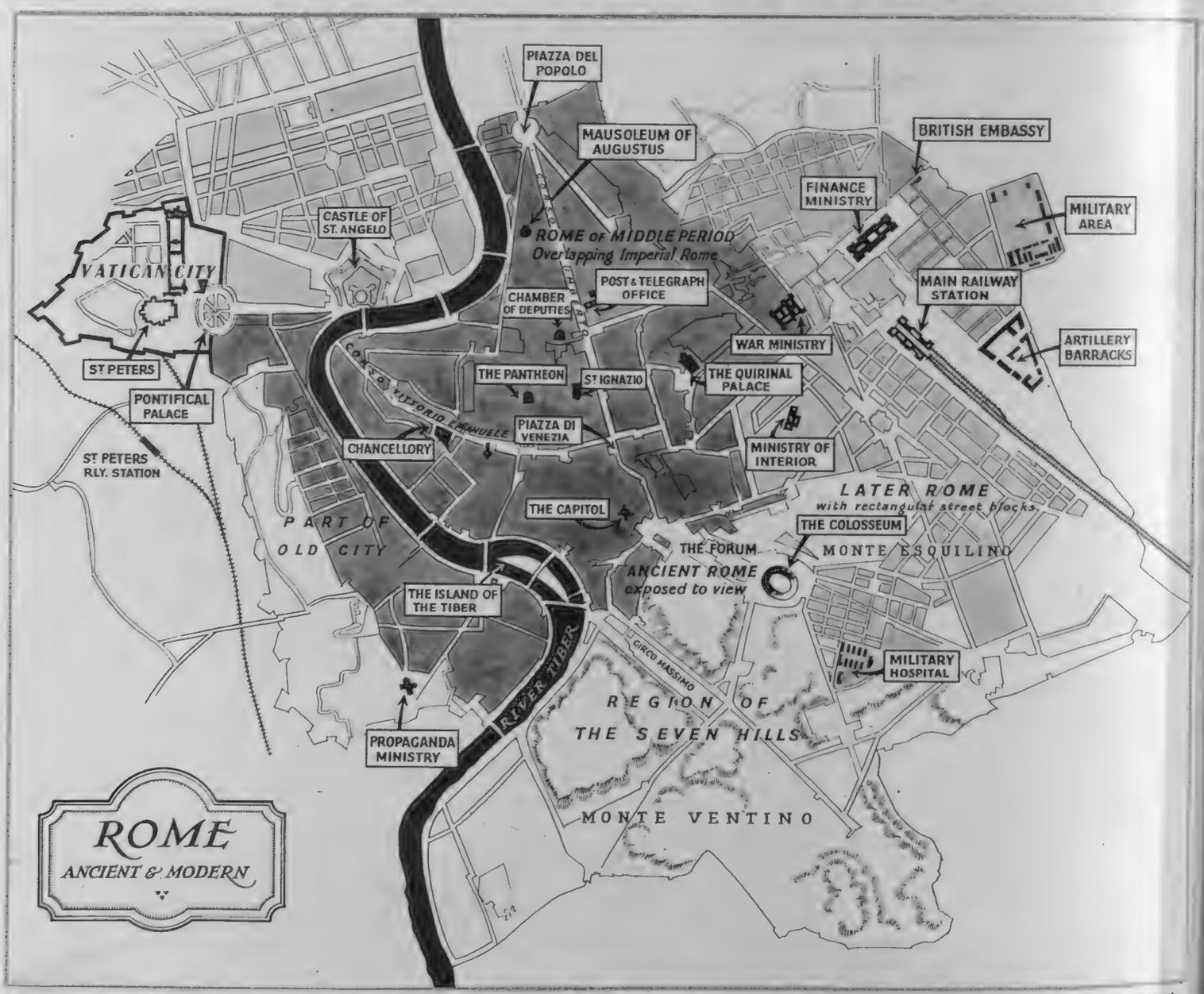
The Germans are in occupation of the Eternal City. As soon as the Italian capitulation was announced, Nazi troops raced in; after subduing the Italian garrison, strategic points were captured and the Vatican itself was threatened. Marshal Badoglio had declared Rome an "open city"; but this the Nazis refused to recognise. They are reported to be in full control of the Capital and to have occupied the German Embassy, the Italian Broadcasting Station, the Telephone Exchange and probably other strategic buildings.

All of which has reopened the threat to the Italian capital. Already an authoritative statement has been issued from Washington (at a time when both President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill were there) that "if German troops occupied Rome the air bombardment would be resumed as a first step to an all-out Allied offensive." So that the city is in grave danger once again, and the civilian population will again be thinking of flights into the surrounding countryside each night, away from the bombers.

The special map reproduced below clearly shows the principal divisions of Rome. The historic area of Ancient Rome lies well to the south: marked in dark tint is the medieval part; the modern and industrial areas lie mainly to the east. (Another industrial area, not included in this map, lies in the northern suburbs.) The Vatican lies away to the north-west and—as before—would not be affected by Allied bombing attacks. The picture on the right shows an air view of Vatican City behind its defining walls, and its principal features.



THE INDEPENDENT AND NEUTRAL VATICAN CITY, TO THE NORTH-WEST OF ROME: A view from the air which shows: 1—St. Peter's; 2—The Piazza of St. Peter's; 3—The Museum and Library; 4—The Reception Hall and the Pope's Private Apartments; 5—The Vatican Gardens; 6—The Vatican Railway; 7—The Iron Gate; 8—The Radio Station



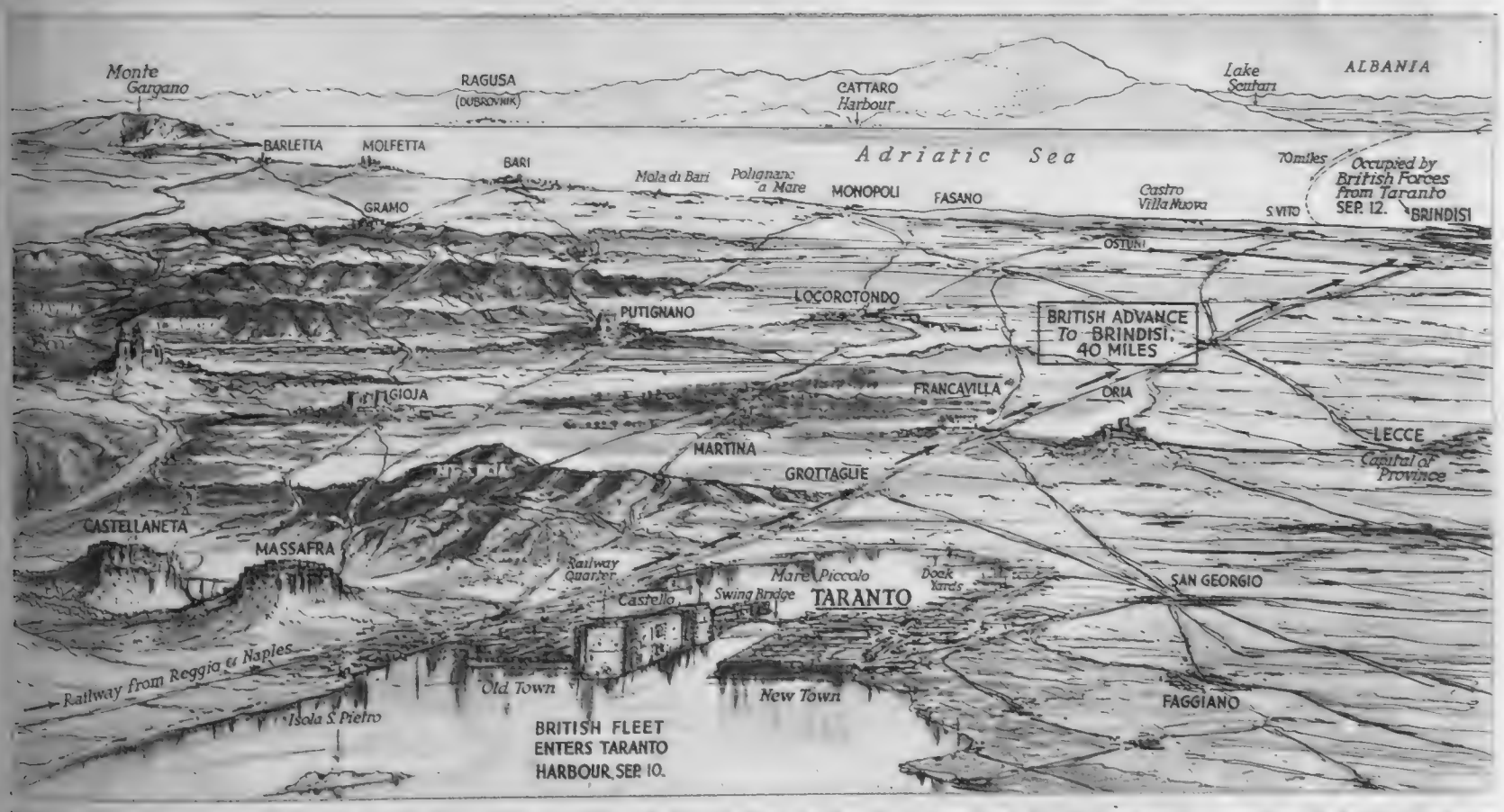
ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY—NOW IN MORE DANGER THAN EVER OWING TO THE GERMAN OCCUPATION: The essential divisions of the city are here set forth—Rome of the Middle Period (extending from medieval times to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries) is shown by a grey tint; the modern additions are outside this historic area; the area of Ancient Rome, the Region of the Seven Hills, lies to the south of the city, also away from the centre. The Vatican lies in an area of its own across the River Tiber—*A Special Sphere Map*

The MEDITERRANEAN ROUTE to the ITALIAN MAINLAND

Ten Months of Continuous Progress from El Alamein to Italy

THE CONTINUOUS ADVANCE TOWARDS ITALY FROM EGYPT : Stage by stage from El Alamein, the Eighth Army has moved steadily forward towards the "toe" of Italy. Inset in upper right—the areas on the European mainland affected by the collapse of Italy—*A Special* Sphere *Diagram*

In the opening days of November 1942, the Battle of El Alamein was fought—and won. Thereafter, the story of the Eighth Army was one of continuous advance by way of Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and Tunisia. At the last-named, junction was effected between the British Eighth and First Armies and the Americans and Canadians. With the conquest of Tunisia, the task of the Eighth was by no means over. After the capture of Pantellaria and Lampedusa, Sicily was next on the list—and again it fell to the Eighth, in conjunction with the American Seventh Army and the Canadians. This task was accomplished on August 17, and a fortnight later came the landing on the Italian mainland



AFTER THE "TOE," CAME THE "HEEL" OF ITALY : How it was cut off by the Allied landing at Taranto and by the subsequent occupation of Brindisi, whereby the entrance to the Adriatic Sea was secured by British forces—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The landings in the "toe" of Italy were only a part of the Allied strategy against the already-crumbling Axis. When it was known that the first operations were successful, an Allied attack was opened on the "heel," thus bringing another very valuable section of Southern Italy under our control. The great naval base of Taranto was discovered by British naval vessels to be quite undamaged. The ancient fortress, the great swing bridge and the docks and quaysides were in full working order. This being the case, a further rapid advance was made across 40 miles of territory to Brindisi, the famous peacetime port of call which commands the southern entrance to the Adriatic. Further advances were made towards Bari and across the "instep" towards the Eighth Army coming up from the "toe." Thus the whole of the southern extremity of Italy came into our possession and the opposite Dalmatian coast came under a direct threat

THE INVASION OF EUROPE

How the Landings were Made in Italy

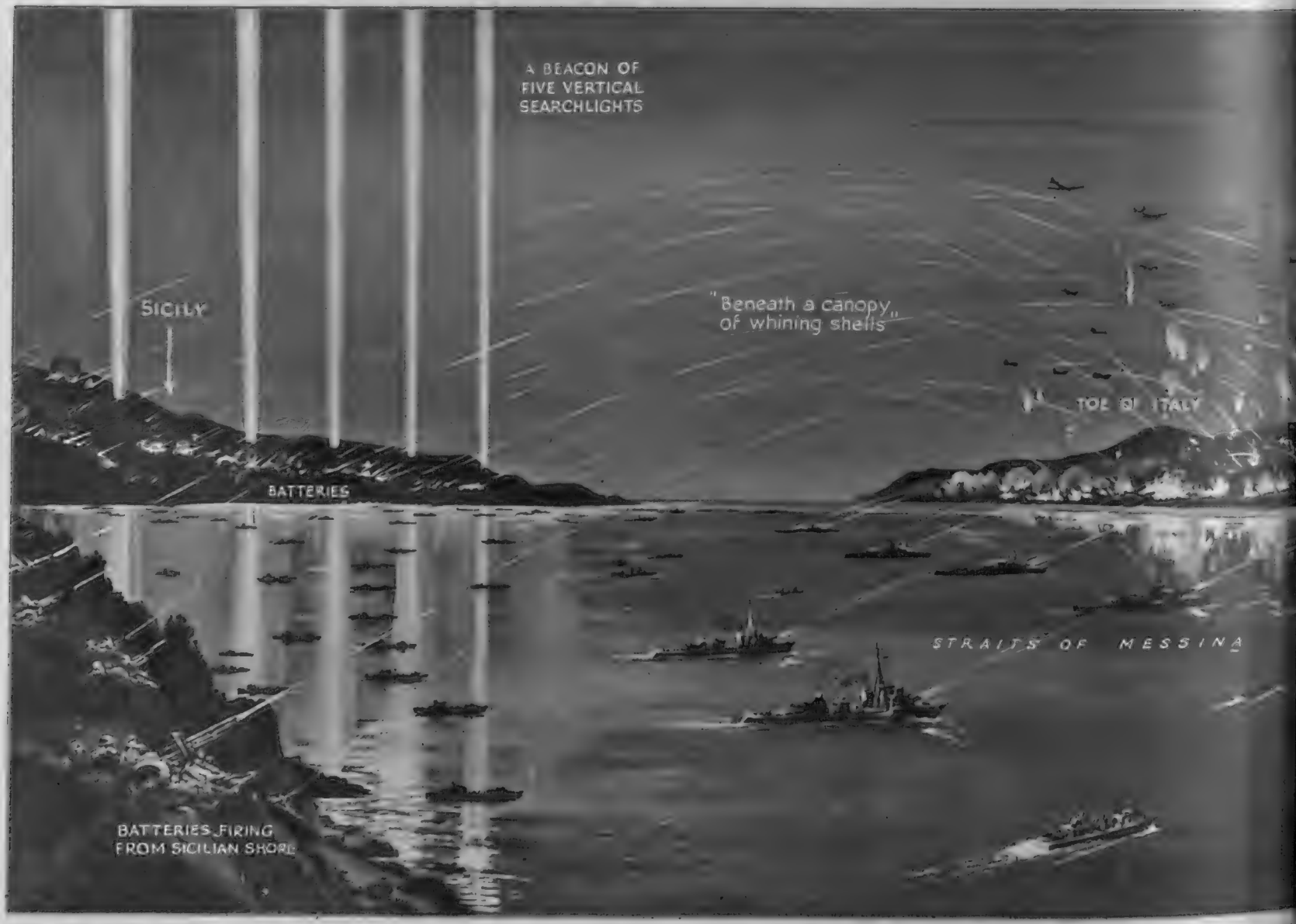
—A Series of Special Drawings by Sphere Artists

The two drawings below reconstruct the scene as the crossing of the Straits of Messina was carried out by the British and Canadian invasion fleet. The rapid tide-currents in the narrow waters have to be negotiated with extreme care: the conflicting currents often cause eddies and whirlpools of a size which make them dangerous for small, unpowered craft and which cause even powered craft to be thrown off their course.

The signal for the beginning of the invasion of Europe was a twin stream of tracers from heavy A.-A. guns at 3.30 a.m. to mark the way on to the landing beaches. After the tracers, all the guns concentrated on the north-east tip of Sicily—field, medium and heavy—opened up. Then the actual moment of the assault was signalled in the sky by five fixed vertical searchlight beams on the Messina shore. They shot up at 3.45 with the opening gunfire and remained as an impressive battle beacon throughout the landings.

These beams were intended to give bearings to the assault craft in waters tricky with currents, whirlpools and insets. The invasion fleet, guided by the beams, sailed in under a tremendous British barrage which lighted the smooth waters and which caused the whole Sicilian coast to become a flaming mass of gunfire. Forty minutes before the invading troops reached the Italian shore the whole barrage was directed on to the beaches for fifteen minutes: then they returned to counter-battery firing. Just before the landing the guns resumed their bombardment of the beaches, and then lifted again to fire inland as the British troops went in.

THE CROSSING OF THE STRAITS OF MESSINA IN THE EARLY DAWN OF SEPTEMBER 3rd. Aided by vertical searchlight beams on the Messina shore, the Allied landing craft brave the "tiderips" which form whirlpools in the Straits. In the drawing above, a landing craft has entered one of these violent eddies and, despite her power, is being swung out of her course. In such a case a vessel can be swung completely round — *Drawing by Wm. McDowell*



THE INVASION FLEET GOES IN: Guided by five parallel beams of searchlights pointing upwards on the Sicily side, and led by vessels of the Royal Navy and assault craft head for the Toe of Italy under a thundering two-hour barrage put up by Eighth Army gunners in Sicily. The whole Sicilian coast was a flam shells whining over the Straits and with the ears of soldiers and sailors taking part deafened with the crash of artillery. Tracer shells fired on fixed lines from to direct the invaders in to the Italian beaches—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE FIRST FOOTHOLD IS SECURED ON THE EUROPEAN MAINLAND. THE ACTUAL LANDING ON THE ITALIAN BEACHES AT REGGIO as the big Invasion Fleet ground ashore in landing craft and in U.S.-built amphibious "ducks"—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

At 4.30 on the morning of September 3—fourth anniversary of the outbreak of the war—British and Canadian troops of the Eighth Army set foot on the mainland of Europe along a stretch of coast near Reggio in the Italian "toe." The sea was calm; and, as dawn came, the Straits were seen to be alive with the hundreds of invasion vessels coming in to land. A little opposition was encountered, but this was soon silenced: the Sappers went ashore, whilst the vessels waited about 50 yards off the beach, to clear away mines or obstructions—but it was only a short wait, as the Sappers found only a few mines and little barbed wire. As the vessels came in, the troops quickly filed across the beach and disappeared into the orange groves. American amphibious "ducks" carrying equipment came ashore and trundled up the beach without a halt. The country at this point near Reggio is hilly, almost mountainous: it rises gently at first, then with increasing steepness to 6,000 ft. a few miles back. One commanding hill, practically on the top of the beaches just north of Reggio, is 1,000 ft. high

Canadian Navy, the ninths of gunfire, with t Sicilian coast helped

WHERE THE AMERICAN FIFTH ARMY LANDED AT SALERNO, TO THE SOUTH OF NAPLES—a drawing which shows the nature of the country where the Allied forces came into stern conflict with the Nazis—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

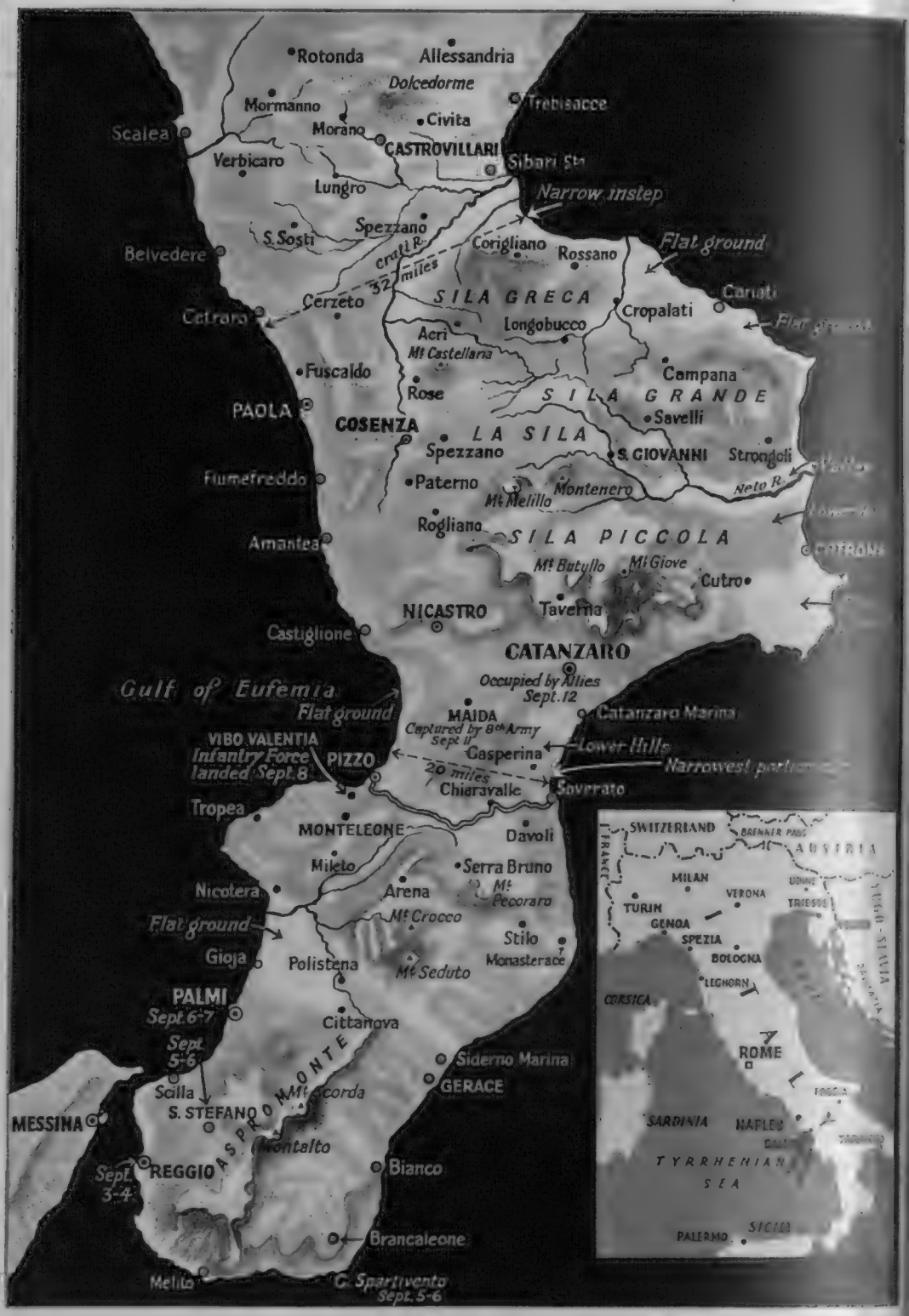
On the morning of September 9—the day after the publication of the Italian surrender—the American Fifth Army (which also contained British units) made a landing at Salerno, on the west coast of Italy some 40 miles to the south of Naples. Immediately they became involved in very heavy fighting with the Germans, who had dashed south in strength to take up the new Allied threat. The drawing above shows the nature of the terrain surrounding this important strategic point. Salerno itself lies at the end of a plain at the foot of the Apennines; stretching out into the sea to the south-west lies the Sorrento Peninsula ending in the Isle of Capri; away to the east, across the middle of Italy, lies Foggia, an important railway centre. Overlooking the British positions, the Germans had assumed key-points in the hills. For days a fierce struggle ensued, with the tide of battle ebbing and flowing as both sides brought up reinforcements and fresh supplies

AFTER THE LANDINGS

The Eighth Army Penetrates into the Interior and Occupies the Whole of the "Toe" of Italy

—Special Sphere Drawings

LIKE SHOALS OF FISH, Allied invasion craft approach the Italian shore near Reggio : some have already unloaded their cargoes and are returning to Sicily—*A picture taken by an R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft during the invasion*



THE TERRITORY OF SOUTHERN ITALY CONQUERED WITHIN A FEW DAYS BY THE EIGHTH ARMY and now firmly held by the Allies, showing the confused jumble of mountain lands which comprise the famous "Toe"—*A Special Sphere Map*

On right—This is the area which had been assigned to the Eighth Army before it was known in what strength the Germans were occupying it. After the Italian capitulation, the German units retreated northwards, making use of demolition works to delay our advance. And, in such mountainous country as that in the "Toe," these demolitions were very formidable. To-day the whole of this region is in our hands—and more, because the Eighth Army have progressed steadily up from the "Toe" to the "Instep" and beyond. The narrowest part of the "Toe" is between Pizzo and Soverato, with a connecting road between the two towns: here it was expected at one time that the Germans would make a stand. But no such action eventuated. Then it was considered likely that a defence line might be established across the narrow "instep"; but, again, the Germans were too intent on gaining the security of positions farther to the north.

LORRIES BEING UNLOADED FROM LANDING CRAFT on the sandy shores of Southern Italy. The vessel has run right up on the beach so that the vehicles can be driven straight off and up to the fighting zone

ROYAL ENGINEERS CARRYING A ROLL OF WIRE MATTING for road-laying on the beach, over which lorries and tanks may pass. In the background, a landing craft carrying transport is nosing its way in

HOW THE FIRST STAGES IN THE EIGHTH ARMY'S ADVANCE WERE SLOWED DOWN—by demolitions carried out by the Germans (and by the Italians, too, for a time) up the side of the "Boot" of Italy. The nature of the roads made these obstacles serious, as no way round was possible—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

In the first days of our advance up from the "Toe" of Italy, demolitions continued to be the chief method adopted by the Germans to check the speed of our push into the mainland: as in Sicily, their engineers (and the Italians, too, until they were "called off" by Badoglio) made every use of the mountainous country to blow up bridges over ravines, start landslides on tortuous passes and blast away roads. The capture of Palmi, for instance, was delayed for 48 hours by a single demolition on the coast road: before retreating, the Germans blew up a bridge carrying one road over another, blocking both. In a country where roads are often carved out of cliffs towering up on one side and with a sheer drop on the other, it is not possible to take an alternative route. The whole Army, therefore, has to wait until the damage has been repaired and tanks and lorries can again forge ahead. Despite the hold-ups in the first few days, however, the Eighth Army soon managed to get into its stride, especially as the Germans showed signs of hurrying northwards faster as the threat at Salerno grew

THE CANADIANS IN THE ASPROMONTE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN ITALY COME IN FOR UNPLEASANT CLIMATIC CONDITIONS. After the sultry heat of Sicily, they encountered mists and fog and rain high up amongst the wild mountain-peaks—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Within a few days of landing in Italy the Canadians learned quite a lot about the versatility of the climate in those inhospitable parts. As they set out for the capture of San Stefano, the infantrymen were still sweating under the heat of the sun. At twilight, as they climbed up into the wild lands of the Aspromonte Range, however, the mountain air cooled quickly as the columns, already more than a mile above sea-level, trudged on. Clammy grey wisps engulfed them as they passed the cloud line: and then it began to rain! Soon the rain was washing down the thirsty roads and overflowing in rivulets into deep canyons—the prelude to the wettest, coldest night the Canadians have known since the war began

THE RETURN OF THE MONITOR

During the Navy's Terrific Bombardment of the Island of Sicily—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

From the time of the first landings until the final conquest of the island, the Navy subjected Sicily to the heaviest naval bombardments in the history of warfare. We have Mr. A. V. Alexander's statement that more than fifty organised attacks were carried out, in addition to almost continuous support by all types of warships operating on the flank of the advancing army. In addition to the big capital ships and cruisers, much work was done by three monitors—H.M.S. *Abercrombie*, *Roberts* and *Erebus*. The first two are new ships, but the *Erebus* is an old vessel which first saw service more than twenty-five years ago. At a time when it was necessary to deny to the enemy as many landing grounds as we could, *Erebus* approached Catania and bombarded its airfield with salvos from her 15-in. guns. The fire was so continuous and concentrated that the shore was obliterated by the spouting shell-bursts. *Erebus* was built, together with several similar ships, in 1915: after the last war she was fitted out as a Cadets' Training Ship, with extra quarters built on her foredeck. She was brought back into commission because her comparatively shallow draught of 11 ft. renders her extremely useful in coast bombardments. She has a displacement of 7,200 tons and a speed of 12 knots. Her main armament consists of one turret mounting two 15-in. guns, and she is protected against torpedoes by 15-ft. deep "bulges" subdivided into many watertight compartments. On the left and right of her in the above drawing are the 6-in.-gun cruisers *Orion* and *Penelope*; closer inshore are smaller monitors of the Insect class. In the foreground of the drawing is a small, fast landing craft doing duty as a picket boat

THE WAR AGAINST THE U-BOAT

A Duel between a Submarine and a British Destroyer in the Atlantic—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In all of the Seven Seas, it would appear as if, during recent months, the Allies have finally got the upper hand over the U-boats. Admiral Lutzow, Germany's naval spokesman, admitted as much during a recent wireless review of the difficulties now facing the enemy's under-water craft. The Admiral declared that the Allies' planes and naval craft "force the U-boat to dive. If it stays on the surface it is shelled. If it goes under water it is bombed . . . in short, the enemy at present has the upper hand."

There can be no question of the truth of these statements—recent figures, in fact, have proved that more U-boats are now being sunk by the Allies than merchantmen by the Axis. The drawing above illustrates a typical attack by a British destroyer on a German under-water craft. The Nazi submarine has been damaged by depth-charges, and has been forced to the surface—only to come under the destroyer's guns. The submarine's hull has been holed and she dare not dive again. As the destroyer closes in to finish her off, the German gunners fire a few last despairing shots as their vessel begins to sink under them

The NAVY at SEA

Scenes on Board British Vessels Under Active Service Conditions

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "WARSPITE": Captain H. A. ("Bertie") Packer, R.N., who was in command of the battleship as she led the Italian Fleet in to surrender

H.M.S "WARSPITE," ONE OF OUR BIG CAPITAL SHIPS NOW IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A Grumman Martlet of the Fleet Air Arm circling the vessel before landing on the aircraft-carrier "Formidable." It is now known that *Warspite* was recently off Italy, as the Italian Fleet was led into Malta by that great battleship: she has also been active in support of our troops at Salerno. *Warspite* has played a considerable part throughout the present war, and it will be a long time before her exploits at Narvik in 1940 are forgotten. She is a 15-in.-gun battleship of 30,600 tons

LIFE ABOARD A CORVETTE: A mess-deck scene on board H.M.S. "Widgeon" at sea. A card-party in progress; while one man rests in his hammock, another repairs his clothes and others write letters home. "Widgeon" is a 530-ton vessel of the Kingfisher class, and carries a total complement of sixty

SOME OF THE U-BOAT KILLERS IN AN OFF MOMENT: A picture taken just after they had returned from a successful hunt in which they had been one of a group carrying the war to the U-boats. Space on many of these smaller vessels of the Royal Navy is often very greatly restricted, which nevertheless only rarely ruffles the men's tempers!

ON BOARD A CRUISER IN THE BAY OF BISCAY: A signaller busy at his sewing-machine on the flag deck repairing the signal pennants. These are stored in the little compartments behind, ready for immediate use when a message is to be spelled out from the bridge

MARINE GUNNERS HANGING OUT THEIR WASHING—Another cruiser scene in the Bay. Seamen and Marines on long cruises have to perform all their own domestic duties—hence the reason that naval ratings become such excellent "handymen"

The BOMBING of EUROPE

The Enemy and Occupied Territories Continue to be Attacked by the Warplanes of the Allies

A FRENCH "BOSTON" SQUADRON ATTACKING THE TRANSFORMER STATION AT GUERLADEN, IN BRITTANY: Part of the target is enveloped in smoke as one of the bombers (top, left) comes in to make its attack. On August 26 the Lorraine Squadron of the Fighting French carried out an attack on the Electric Transformer Station at Mur de Bretagne, near Guerladen, in Brittany. They were supported by Spitfires, and achieved good results by daylight. All of the bombers returned safely

On right—This picture was taken on August 31, at the end of a month which witnessed the mounting to yet greater intensity of the Anglo-American air offensive. The scene is the enemy airfield at Amiens-Glissy, which appears to be sprouting fire and smoke as the bombs dropped by six Flying Fortresses strike home. These big aircraft have been concentrating on the factories which build German fighters and the fields from which they are flown: each raid is a step farther to that complete ascendancy on the western front that was a prelude to invasion on the Italian front

A GERMAN FIGHTER BASE IN FRANCE PLASTERED BY BIG AMERICAN BOMBERS. The enemy-occupied airfield at Glissy, near Amiens, under heavy attack by Fortresses

HOW NAPLES WAS REDUCED TO RUINS BEFORE ITALY WAS FORCED INTO SURRENDER: This is a view of the great naval base on the Italian west coast after it had been hit by Flying Fortresses from North West Africa. Smoke is seen to be pouring from burning railway installations, and from warehouses which were heavily hit by the big American bombers. Six or seven ships were sunk in the harbour, and dock facilities, moles, post offices and tracks suffered many direct hits. Buildings in the naval base and repair yards at the dry-docks were damaged and destroyed; other targets which suffered were the port power-station and gas-works. A cavalry barracks was pulverised so completely as to be totally uninhabitable. Very shortly after this raid Italy made her capitulation

THE BOMBING OF VENDEVILLE AIRFIELD AT LILLE: A cluster of bombs on the way down on August 31. Medium American bombers of the "Support Command," concentrating on Axis airfields, completed 35 missions with a loss of less than half-a-dozen aircraft on such sorties as this, carried out by daylight

***On right*—HOW THE AMERICANS MAKE USE OF "FRAGMENTATION" BOMBS. Hundreds of them are here seen "walking" right across the camouflaged main runway, the operation buildings, and a line of aircraft dispersal shelters.** The bombs in this picture are literally carpeting one of the *Luftwaffe* bases—at Vitry en Artois, south of the French town of Lille. The raid on this aerodrome was only one of many carried out on September 9—the day on which the full-scale Amphibious Exercise was staged in the English Channel, without any opposition from the enemy. On that day alone, over 1,000 sorties were flown by American bombers and fighters (a record for the Eighth U.S. Air Force), and nearly 700 tons of bombs were dropped on nine targets. Fortresses, Marauders and Thunderbolts extended the "umbrella" of air protection deep across the Channel, raiding many of the German operational bases in Occupied France

HOW THE GREAT AIRCRAFT FACTORY AND AERODROME AT WARNEMUNDE WERE WRECKED: This is where the fast German fighter, the Focke-Wulf 190, is produced. The entire area is pitted with bomb-hits and several buildings are burned right out

At this very important aircraft centre there were formerly twenty-seven main buildings: eighteen of them were hit during the course of the last raid carried out by American Flying Fortresses, and of these, five buildings were totally—or almost totally—destroyed and seven were seriously damaged. The raid was made to coincide with a similar attack on Kiel: fairly strong opposition by German fighters was encountered at the latter, but at Warnemunde there was but little opposition. The picture is a very convincing proof of the efficiency of the American system of close-formation bombing by daylight: the bomb-craters are so close together in places that the maximum of damage must have been wrought

WHAT is a MILITARY GOVERNMENT?

The Duties which an Occupying Army in Enemy Territory have to Discharge—as in Sicily, Italy, Libya, Tripolitania and Elsewhere

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of the most encouraging aspects of the war is the tranquillity of the inhabitants of occupied enemy territory all the way from Italian Somaliland to Calabria. This is in direct contrast, of course, to the recent revolt in Denmark and the growing unrest in all the European countries overrun by Germany, and can also be regarded as an immediate tribute to our Military Government and to our realisation that the responsibility for restoring public order and safety in enemy territory falls on the occupant under the Hague Conventions.

Military Government can be defined as that form of government which is established and maintained by a belligerent by force of arms over occupied territory of the enemy and over the inhabitants thereof. The difference between this and martial law is that Military Government is exercised only in the territory of hostile belligerents and is in the realm of international law, while the latter is invoked only in domestic territory, the local government and inhabitants of which are not treated or recognised as belligerents. As the object of the United Nations in waging the present war is to obtain a favourable and enduring peace, it is quite clear that a military occupation marked by harshness, injustice or oppression will defeat its own object by sowing the seeds of future wars; whereas the mild treatment of the governed by the occupying army may convert enemies into friends. That is already proved in Sicily.

But a tolerant Military Government which nevertheless safeguards the military position of the occupying army is not so simple as it sounds. For the first consideration at all times must be the prosecution of the war to a successful termination, and in the meantime Military Government is bound to pass through successive phases. The first phase is while fighting is continuing in the neighbourhood, when naturally little can be done to set up Military Government, though a proclamation is issued to the people of the occupied territory. Its contents cover: (*a*) declaration of the occupation; (*b*) purpose and policy of the occupation; (*c*) supremacy of the military authority of the British and/or American forces, which in turn involves suspension or modification of political ties with and obligations to the enemy Government, obedience to the military police and personnel on civil affairs duty, and abstinence from acts or words of hostility or disrespect to the occupying forces; (*d*) the continuance and operation, as far as possible, of local laws and regulations, executive and judicial officers, railroads and public utilities.

The proclamation also assures the people that their persons, property, family rights, occupations and religion will be protected, and that it is their duty to continue or resume their usual work. The proclamation normally ends with an announcement that more detailed instructions will be issued later.

The second phase of Military Government occurs when organised resistance has ceased in the neighbourhood, though an armistice or peace has not been definitely established. It is at this stage that the detailed instructions are usually issued.

(The third phase of Military Government only occurs after an armistice.)

These detailed instructions to the civilians of enemy territory always vary locally according to the mentality, laws, customs, geography, history and strategic or tactical situation. Taking them by and large, however, they are certain to cover the following points: identity cards; circulation of personnel and vehicles on the roads, railways and water; meetings, party speeches, songs and music; enemy flags, national anthems and uniform; communication by mail, telephone, cable, telegraph, radio and pigeon; newspapers, magazines and books; photographs, manufactures and prices; arms, ammunition and explosives; intoxicating liquor, sanitation, public health and prostitution; taxes, contributions, supplies, requests and billeting.

Of necessity, the instructions must also lay down the penalties for various offences. Perhaps some of you are already beginning to realise that military government of an enemy territory is much more complicated, though less dangerous, than the actual subjugation of that territory.

The various offences naturally include injury or violence to the Allied troops; larceny, embezzlement, sale, purchase, wrongful possession of or damage to any property of the Allied troops or Governments; interference with personnel or with any activity of the troops; failure or actual refusal to obey a lawful order; false statements on matters of official business; any sabotage of lines of communication or public utility works; spying and communication with the enemy; spreading hostile propaganda; disrespect to the occupying Power and its troops. In addition to all this, of course, the instructions need cover military tribunals, including their jurisdiction procedure and maximum punishments, together with details of how to make claims, petitions and complaints.

Here is a table of the normal kind of sentence for the usual type of offence:

Failure to possess identity card—Three months.
Issue of false identity card—Three years.
Travel without pass—Three months.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE SICILIAN OCCUPATION

IN THE VILLAGE OF SCARLETTA, NEAR MESSINA: The local population had put up their "Wellcome" flag even before the Allies arrived

TOWNSFOLK OF MESSINA RETURN TO THE CITY after the Allied occupation, announcing their arrival with a beating of drums—and a cloud of dust

Attendance at an unauthorised meeting or parade—Six months.

Uttering speeches or words, making gestures, singing songs, playing music, acting in a play, or exhibiting a picture, banner or placard hostile to the United Nations, its armed forces or any member thereof, or the Military Government—Five years.

Display of their own flag or colours, or public singing or playing of their own National Anthem—Three months.

Failure to place name and address of sender on letter—Fifteen days.

Transmission by telegraph operator of uncensored message—Six months.

Possession of forbidden private telephone wire—One year.

Use of pigeon for carrying messages—One year.

Taking photographs out of doors without permission—One year.

Manufacture of arms, ammunition or explosives without permission—Ten years.

Forgery or alteration of an identity card—Two years.

Interference with communication by mail, telegraph, telephone or radio; destruction, larceny or embezzlement of a mail; destruction of telegraph, telephone or radio apparatus, or cutting wires or cables—Death.

Communication with the enemy—Death.

Publication, importation, circulation or possession of printed, typed or written matter in the interest of the enemy—Death.

Sending any communication giving information about troops of the United Nations—Death.

Sabotage generally—Death.

Spying, killing any member of the armed forces of the United Nations with malice aforethought; aiding a prisoner of war to escape—Death.

It is safe to say that the maps required for the capture of Sicily alone weighed several hundred tons. Hundreds of tons of paper must also have been necessary for the literally millions of identity cards necessary for the civilian population. In addition, it must have been necessary to have had hundredweights of summons sheets printed in books similar to those used by American traffic "cops." They would be printed both in English and the local argot, and would explain the defendant's rights and penalties for failure to comply with the summons.

Under normal Military Government, meetings for religious purposes (including baptisms, weddings and funerals) can be held freely providing they are open to the public, but must be held between sunrise and 8 p.m. Everyone possessing a radio transmitting station or apparatus has to notify the fact to the authorities. Local newspapers have to submit anything to do with the present war or military occupation for censorship, while the proprietors and every place of business in which articles are offered for sale at retail must plainly mark everything with its price. This affects proprietors or managers of hotels, restaurants, inns, boarding-houses and lodging-houses, while anyone in possession of arms or ammunition must surrender them by a given date—or else. . . . Any supplies, land or buildings owned by individuals which are required by the United Nations are paid for in cash or in vouchers payable in cash by one of our finance officers. These supplies, land and buildings, are only requisitioned if the normal method of acquiring them by cash payment fails to produce what is needed promptly, in sufficient quantities and at a fair price.

Over and above all this, Military Government needs a Fiscal Department to supervise the financial affairs of the occupied territory, including taxes, Customs, disbursements, coinage, currency, foreign exchange, banks, stock exchanges. This Department receives any taxes, contributions, fines, penalties or forfeited bail, the monies being treated as trust funds, though they may be disbursed for the support of the military or civil government of the occupied territory or the Army of Occupation, but not otherwise.

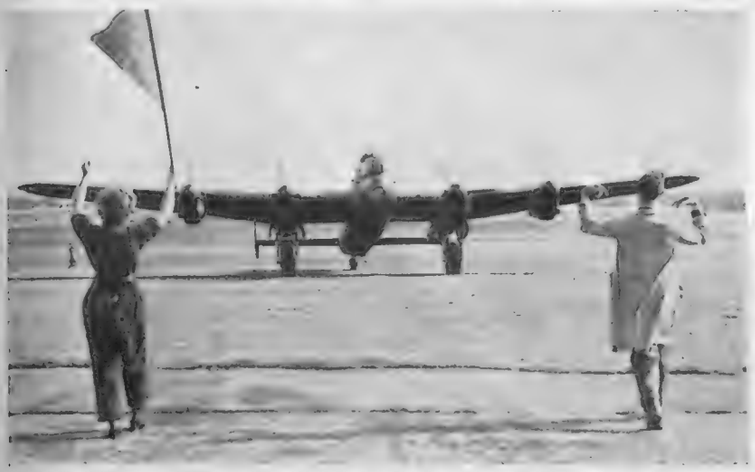
No wonder that it has been necessary to set up, both in this country and in the United States, special intensive courses for teaching the finer points, as well as the rudimentary principles, of Military Government of occupied territories.

It must be added, of course, that the foregoing only applies to enemy territory such as Italy and Germany—and not to France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and other countries overrun by the enemy.

As a matter of fact, there seems to be some confusion about the powers to be granted to the French Committee of "Purification." For, not surprisingly, the Committee has asked for powers to deal with France (when liberated) which are more than somewhat arbitrary.

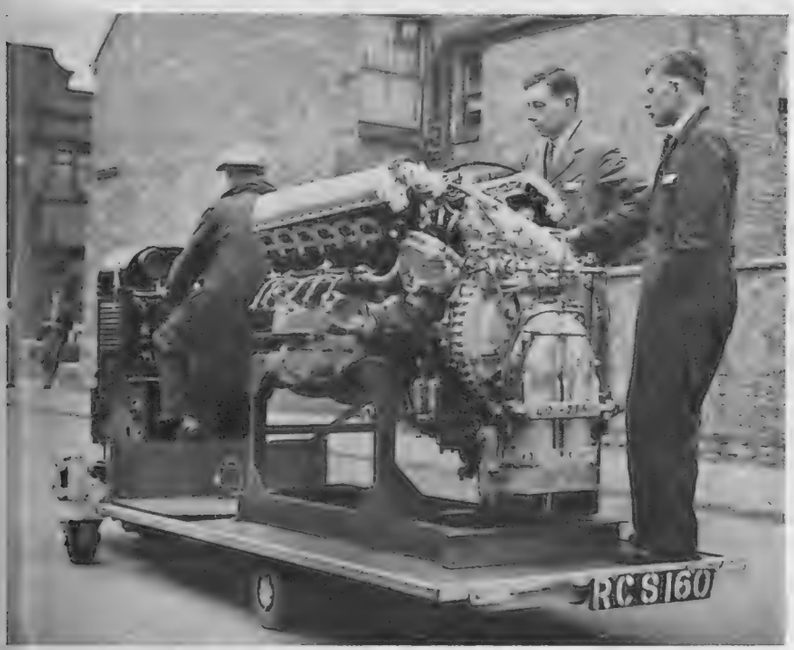
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

CANADA TO ENGLAND BY LANCASTER, and other Pictures Showing Phases of the War Effort in Britain



THE FIRST CANADIAN-BUILT LANCASTER ARRIVES IN THIS COUNTRY: Canada has been busy building these big machines for some time past, but it was only a few days ago that the first Lancaster arrived here. It was flown across the Atlantic and, in the picture above, is seen actually touching down on arrival. The Dominion is now producing aircraft in considerable numbers, some of them being used by our pilots undergoing instruction in that country. With the "Ruhr Express" (as this bomber has been called) the crew brought an engaging little mascot—an eleven-weeks-old French poodle pup

CANADIAN WRENS NOW IN LONDON TO TAKE OVER DUTIES HERE: A group of Canadian women of the W.R.C.N.S. have formed the first detachment to arrive in the United Kingdom for duty in Canadian naval establishments here. In the above picture, Sub-Lieut. Grace Lovatt, from Winnipeg (on right), is introducing Wren Helen Weeks (of Montreal, in centre) to the British Wren from whom she will take over. Wren Weeks has a brother in the Canadian Army: on the transport over, she found both brother and a friend proceeding overseas on the same vessel as herself



THE ENGINES WHICH MAKE OUR HEAVY RAIDS POSSIBLE: Finished Rolls-Royce Merlins being taken from the assembly line to the test bed. Work at full pressure is being carried out on these fine motors which power the four-engined Lancasters and Halifaxes which have helped to devastate Hamburg, Berlin and the Ruhr. Merlins are also used in many of our fastest fighter aircraft

CLARK GABLE IS FILMED AGAIN: The famous Hollywood actor is now serving as a Gunnery Instructor with the American Army Air Force in this country. He is reported to be devoted to his wartime job, and he has flown over hostile territory during raids to gain more actual experience. For the moment, his film career is at an end

A CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER WHICH IS NOW A RECREATION SHIP FOR SAILORS: The cross-Channel steamer *Auto Carrier*, which used to transport the cars of holiday-makers to and from France, is to-day a recreation ship for the crews of the many Home Fleet Auxiliary vessels. It is the first and only one of its kind, and to thousands of men it means beer and "the pictures" once a week. It has also facilities for reading and writing and for games: there is a well-stocked shop, a store of woollen comforts and a shower-bath. The vessel's officers and men are all volunteer helpers. Engineers operate the projectors in the cinema, where E.N.S.A. shows are also given. On Sunday the ship becomes a church, and the whole of the anchorage is represented at the services. In the picture above, Captain W. Baxter who commands the *Auto Carrier*, is seen welcoming an E.N.S.A. party on board for an evening show

A RACING STABLE BECOMES A R.E.M.E. WORKSHOP: A one-time racing stable in South-East England is now being used by the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers as a workshop for the repair of equipment belonging to Anti-Aircraft Command. The horse-boxes in the stable are now being used by craftsmen, the conical-roofed oast-house has been converted for the use of the company carpenter, and what was once the riding-school now houses transport and anti-aircraft guns which have been dismantled for servicing

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie By J. G.

JOHN MASEFIELD.—I never saw John Masefield. I hope I may yet see him. His versatility and range, and his influence on our literature are alike remarkable. Personally, I owe him a great debt of gratitude for the pleasure and profit I have derived from his writings. All these qualities of his have been officially recognised, of course. He has been Poet Laureate for thirteen years and of the Order of Merit since 1935. Yet I doubt whether the public yet recognise his extraordinary powers and achievements. If I am right, it is perhaps due in part to the simplicity and severity and restraint of his own style. He gave his generation a perfect model of the prose of action, which, above all, relies on understatement rather than on superlatives, and often, but not always, proves that a light under a bushel is a better illuminant than electric sky signs and limelights. I am no judge of poetry and in no posture to assess his place among our national poets. Indeed, when I examine his poetic methods, I employ the only yard-sticks which I possess — the yard-sticks of prose. They answer *my* purpose.

Whether in the form of prose or poetry, he has documented, painted, recorded and adorned a big proportion of the scenes and institutions which comprise the average Englishman's ideals of England. The sea in all its variety and the men who go down to the sea in ships; the English country scene and peculiar sports, such as fox-hunting and racing; the slums and the by-streets, the fogs and gas-flares and gloom of cities; Shakespeare; the battlefields of Europe and the Englishmen who died on them; the fields in spring; the great adventurers whose dreams were dreamed in those fields and translated into action in the Seven Seas; the wind and the rain; sunshine and shadow; the flowers and the trees; the hopes and despair, the bigness and the littleness, of Englishmen.

He has done for us what Virgil did for the old Romans —chronicled in song *pascua, rura, duces*. He has outshone Stevenson in the novel of adventure. And in an age of endless adventure and action he is the master and model of the language of action and the narration of adventure.

THE "WHITE SWAN HOTEL" AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON IS NOW AN AMERICAN RED CROSS CLUB—A scene in the lounge of the well-known hotel in Shakespeare's town: Many American Service men and women are now visiting the Shakespeare country. Through their club at Stratford-on-Avon, the American Red Cross are entertaining numbers of them and arranging sightseeing tours, so that the visitors may see all that is of interest during their stay

These are great achievements. Leaving aside his remarkable versatility—comparable perhaps only with that of the Italian craftsmen of the Renaissance—one might take his work in any one field and argue that it is likely to survive with posterity as long as the work of any great predecessor in the same field.

For the simplicity of his prose and poetic styles is a great advantage. Nothing dates more surely than an ornate and decorated style. That is the handicap of Stevenson's immortality.

The difficulty of reading Conrad—another master of the sea saga—enhances the virtue of simplicity and lucidity in prose style. In the years ahead, I can well believe that an era of peace and security may come when the arts of peace will once more influence styles of writing and set the fashion again in the studied and the ornate. But I am convinced that simplicity and lucidity are the only safe vehicles of the written word, and that no fashion in prose and poetry-writing ever long overshadows those virtues. At the height of Swinburne's fame men went back with relief to Chaucer; and Malory survived Macaulay.

The Desert-Island Test.—The well-worn debating-society test of an author's merits would favour the choice of Masefield, if Crusoe's choice were confined to a single author's published works.

It is difficult to think of any other writer who covers so wide a range of subjects and moods in prose and poetry, or of one better equipped to take your mind off present anxieties.

In the novel of adventure, he found the golden key to popularity—he usually contrives a happy ending, reward for courage and endurance, peace after strife. He counts up the "pieces of eight," and sees to it that they are a bumper harvest. He does not leave the ultimate triumph of his hero vague, as do so many of his rivals. It is in that genre that the simplicity of his style is most telling. He uses his short, staccato sentences as the Tudor craftsman used his small bricks—to build up a substantial background for his characters, harmonising with the surroundings, giving always a sense of permanence and fitness, no less than of truth and beauty.

With Conrad the elemental rages of Nature are the fury of evil spirits, spelling doom for mankind.

With Stevenson and Meade Faulkner there is a note of pessimism concerning man's chances in a struggle with evil forces. Masefield breathes a most optimistic note. His adventurers fight on more even terms and the battle is fought more chivalrously, if as strenuously. At the worst, you feel that your hero will come out all right, even with profit. Even in his mood of sadness, this sense of the ultimate triumph of man remains, the hunted will escape, the victim survive the rack, right triumph. The *Bird of Dawning* is the perfect model of the boy's story of adventure, and Masefield's range in that genre is extraordinary. I am not (as I say) a judge or a reader of poetry now. But I go back often to *Reynard the Fox* and read it with increasing appreciation and a *prosaic* eye. Here any unskilled labourer can appreciate the craftsman at work with his little bricks. Every one of them is a vital part of the fabric. Every one fits exactly into its place. Sometimes you question the relevance of choice of one such brick, here or there. Nearly always you come to see its justification. I can find but two or three instances in the whole poem of a couple of words dragged in to fill a line or provide a rhyme. When he lays aside his hod and trowel, you have the complete structure "ready to walk into." This *is* the English country scene on a mild hunting morning in early spring. This *is* the whole story. Perhaps the description of Tom Dansey, the Whip, is the *locus classicus* for his methods. All the little bricks fit exactly into place and the last is the corner-stone of the arch:

> "Under his hide his heart was raw
> With joy and pity of these things."

So, too, with Belle Ridden:

> "She was as good as blowing air,
> But shy and difficult to know.
> The kittens in the barley mow,
> The setter's toothless puppies sprawling,
> The blackbird in the apple calling,
> All knew her spirit more than we.
> So delicate these maidens be
> In loving lovely, helpless things."

Always at the end of his miniature work, a label in miniature is affixed, a signature stave epitomising the whole section of little bricks and suggestive strokes.

"Reading Without Tears."—When I r[...] Masefield, I lose sight of the boundary between p[...] and poetry. He appears t[...] as a poet writing prose, [...] prose-writer employing h[...] in poetry. But always I [...] him as the craftsman in [...] bricks, building to compl[...] and building exactly [...] with an eye ever on harm[...] ation with the surround[...] of Nature. And how [...] builders do that!

There are many wr[...] who have relied on simpl[...] Some were constrained t[...] the simplicity of the lan[...] of their day or state of [...] tion. Some by reaction [...] imagery and the ornate [...] to shatter, some to [...] some to protest. And [...] enough their simplicity [...] crudeness, vulgarity, d[...] ridicule or absurdity. [...] field, to my mind, [...] escapes these pitfalls. [...] the God-sent teacher di[...] supremacy with the Go[...] entertainer. No imagin[...] writer, I suppose, would [...] the prospect of sitting d[...] to write a school primer. [...] from a material point of [...] many would be glad if [...] books they had written [...] please themselves were [...] by schoolmasters as [...] books—a paying propo[...] for authors.

Masefield perhaps en[...] this benefit. I do not kn[...] He deserves to do so. I conceive of no "primers" more valuable in teaching what is nationally a weak subject—clear expression within the limits of our elastic language. And if Masefield's "primers" afford "reading without tears," they are not likely to lose in efficiency on that account. No boy but would welcome graduation to a decent prose style by the primrose path of *Bird of Dawning*. And sometimes the primrose path is the direct route. It is so with Masefield's books. He is a master of his crafts.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*THE WINGLESS VICTORY*."—Mr. Maxwell Anderson has a considerable reputation as a dramatist on the other side of the Atlantic. Those who know him only by his *The Wingless Victory* may, perhaps, be permitted to ask why. Compared with this portentous piece of verbosity, Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which preceded it at the Phœnix Theatre, was a snappy, strip-tease act. Granted that it did not aim at being snappy, but was intended to be a semi-poetical drama of immense seriousness. To me (and, it seems, to plenty of other people), it was just dull. The story is of a young man who brought home as his bride to Salem, New England, in 1800, a Malay Princess. She was soon regarded as an undesirable alien because she was coloured. I think her unpopularity was due far more to the fact that she talked too much. Anyway, she committed suicide, but not nearly early enough in the play. Miss Wanda Rotha's performance as the Princess was amazing as a feat of memory. Also, unlike certain other members of the cast, she was audible.

"*Uncle Vanya*."—Chekov's *Uncle Vanya*, revived at the Westminster Theatre, shows that a play can be wordy, sombre and a bit of a muddle generally, and yet display genius and hold the attention of an intelligent audience. I prefer his *The Cherry Orchard*, but *Uncle Vanya* has lived for many years and should live for many more. Mr. Norman Marshall has produced the play with the greatest skill, and there is a good cast, with fine performances by Mr. Harold Scott, as Vanya, and Miss Vivienne Bennett.

Opera at Hammersmith.—I advise all lovers of grand opera who prefer it grand to visit the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where the Carl Rosa Company are giving a season of some weeks. As they did in their recent season at the Winter Garden, they furnish the nearest approach to the pre-war glories of Covent Garden. I have heard their *La Bohème* (with Mr. Tudor Davies a first-rate Rodolpho) and Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In this Mr. Norman Allin is a genuinely comic Falstaff, singing magnificently. As for Miss Ruth Packer's Mrs. Ford, it is a superb performance, beautifully sung and acted in the true spirit of Shakespearean comedy.

THE FIRST OF THE THREE THOUSAND

The New Cottages for Farm Labourers Opened by Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, in Kent

The two cottages illustrated on this page are the first of 3,000 promised under the emergency rural housing scheme. They were put up by the Tonbridge Rural Council and were formally "opened" by the Minister of Health last week. They have taken eleven weeks to complete, and the all-in cost of each is £930, with one quarter of an acre of garden: including rates and water charges, each is to be let at 14s. 6d. per week. Each cottage is of the "parlour type": there is a living-room and a parlour on the ground floor; three bedrooms on the upper floor; a kitchen; a bathroom; and, outside at the rear, a brick building for storing a perambulator, garden tools and other necessary equipment.

The front door is in the centre of the cottage and the stairs immediately face it. One of the bedrooms is 12 ft. by 12 ft. and has a gas fire; another is 12 ft. by 9 ft.; and the third is 9 ft. by 8 ft. The two larger rooms each have a built-in cupboard. The cottages are washed with yellow paint outside, and have doors painted bright green and red roofs.

During the course of his speech at the opening ceremony, Mr. Ernest Brown said that work had been begun elsewhere on other cottages being erected under the scheme: on some, work had got as far as the first floor.

A FRONT VIEW OF THE TWO NEW COTTAGES at Hildenborough, erected in the space of eleven weeks

THE BATHROOM with which each cottage is equipped. Hot water is by Ascot heater

THE SAME TWO COTTAGES: A back view, showing the sheds and the garden. The all-in cost of each is £930, with about one quarter of an acre of garden to each cottage: the inclusive rent is 14s. 6d. a week

THE KITCHEN MEASURES 12 FT. BY 7 FT.: It is equipped with sink, heater, gas cooker and light—but there are no shelves or cupboard. The flooring of this room is cement-rendered

THE LIVING-ROOM IS 17 FT. BY 12 FT., with windows on two sides. There is a kitchen range for heating the water system, gas lighting and steel-frame windows. The flooring is of red quarry tiles

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

STIRRING TALES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Norwegian Autobiography, and Life in Norfolk ; Conflict in France ; Death in Wyoming ; Æsop Re-told ; The Latest Peter Cheyney

IN the past few months many good and moving books have come out of Norway, and the latest of these is called RETURN TO HAPPINESS (Macmillan. 18s.), the autobiography of another kind of Norwegian. Mr. Jonas Lied has, in common with his fellow-Norwegian writers, an intense patriotism, but in all other respects he seems to differ from the young mayor, the diplomat, the soldier and the several men who have felt impelled to give expression to their feelings and to their adventures in Norway in the last year or two.

Mr. Lied, although he comes from farming stock, has for the greater part of his life been a man of business. In 1910, in a train between Hamburg and Paris, he met another business man and one of far wider experience. It was a Mr. Derry, of Derry and Toms, who was in the habit of trading with

WOMEN GO BACK TO THE MILLS. The stream of mill-workers setting out in Preston for a day's work : Labour is so short in the cotton industry that the Ministry of Labour have ordered all women between eighteen and fifty-five employed in the industry for six months since January 1, 1935, to register under a special scheme. It is expected that more than 80,000 will become available. At the moment the urgent need is for nearly 20,000, mainly in the spinning mills. Within Preston (where these pictures were taken) and district there are 1,000,000 spindles singing an endless song of cotton each day. About 50,000 looms and 20,000 operatives turn out materials of utility and beauty to be handled in every corner of the earth. War has brought its changes of demand and exports. As exports to one country have fallen off, so those to others have increased. Service needs have grown to huge proportions. But in spite of all the changes, the great cotton mills have worked calmly on "Lancashire Fashion," ignoring everything but the urgent need to keep hungry machinery always in action

with Russia, and who inspired the young Lied with the idea of organising a new sea-route from Siberia to London or, by way of Spitzbergen, to New York.

Lied made an initial voyage with Nansen, and was instrumental in obtaining the sovereignty of Spitzbergen for Norway. Later he became a Russian citizen, and then, after the Revolution, found himself detained in Russia. He eventually succeeded in being repatriated, and until the war was running a model farm on his family estate in Norway.

This is the story of an extraordinary and very full life, too full for such a synopsis as this. To me the most interesting section was that which dealt with the Nansen voyages in the period before the last war, and the stories of this great explorer and of Amundsen are worthy of several chapters to themselves.

When Mr. Henry Williamson went to live and farm in Norfolk, it was also his intention to write about that part of the north Norfolk coast which seemed to him to be unique and to be a relic of the oldest England. He found, however, that the labour of reclaiming a derelict farm was harder than he thought, and he soon realised that he would not have the energy to undertake two arduous tasks at the same time.

One day he read an article in the local paper that was of particular interest to him, since it covered exactly the subject on which he had wanted to write, and he decided to get into touch with the author, who, under a pseudonym, had already contributed several such articles. After reading them he urged the writer, Miss Lilias Rider Haggard, to present them in book form, and finally undertook to do the work of recasting them himself, with NORFOLK LIFE (Faber's. 8s. 6d.) as a result.

The book is mainly a personal journal of the years 1936-37, written by one who is essentially a countrywoman, and whose notes include extracts from old books on husbandry, farming and gardening notes, recipes from old herbals, quotations from tombstones, and from local lore and descriptions of the birds and animals who haunt the salt marshes and country lanes of the Norfolk she loves. It was probably never the intention of the original writer to give a clear-cut portrait of herself ; nevertheless, it is unmistakably there, and one of the most charming things about a very satisfying book is the picture that it gives us of a delightful personality.

The variety and complexity of the machines leave the visitor bewildered. Here a high-speed beamer is knotting a thread at the front of her beam

Piecing up a broken sliver of cotton : A machine tenter at work at a Horrocks' mill

ELEVEN CAME BACK (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) tells of death in the Wyoming mountains, and is a very good thriller indeed. The luxury ranch in which the predatory Mrs. Parent lived was both wild and western, though not in the accepted sense of either term.

Mrs. Parent was a middle-aged lady used to wielding immense political power in the States, and, after one crashing debacle, married to an Indian oil millionaire. Into this lady's clutches come a nice young couple, part-owners of a successful small radio station. Their partner, having threatened to sell out to Mrs. Parent, they have flown West to prevent the deal, as they suspect the motives for which she would use the wireless transmitters.

Mrs. Parent could scarcely be described as an ideal hostess. Hardly have the young Chapples arrived, when she whisks them and her eight other guests off on an all-night ride up into the mountains. While they are improbably occupied up there in playing moonlight hide-and-seek, there is a murder, and from then on the action is fast and furious. The murder is followed by a scalping, and in turn by another murder, till the atmosphere is as thick as a custard-pie, and not nearly as funny. This thriller comes under the well-known heading of escape literature, first because Wyoming is 4,000 miles away, and, secondly, because Miss Mabel Seeley has that hallmark of the writer of good detective fiction, that her book demands to be read at a single sitting.

The story of ÆSOP (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) has been re-told by Mr. A. D. Wintle in a simple, direct style which harmonises with the Fables.

Æsop, born in poverty, was a sensitive and intelligent little boy with an ugly face and deformed body. As a child he ran away from his unhappy home and joined a band of shepherds. His unusual wit and understanding made him popular with them, and one—Baidan—became his loyal and lifelong friend, though another, Yuzzat, was his equally tenacious enemy and finally brought about his death. It was Yuzzat who caused him to be sold into slavery, and it was as a slave that Æsop lived for some years in the Isle of Samos, establishing himself as a great story-teller, and eventually forming a close friendship with King Crœsus. It was during this period that Æsop wrote his Fables.

In spite of a tendency, accentuated in the latter part of the book, to adopt a biblical style, the story is well told and has the humour inseparable from an account of Æsop's doings and sayings. It would be an excellent companion volume for anyone's bookshelf to the Fables themselves.

Miss Kay Boyle is an American writer of distinction who has lived for the past nineteen years in France, and who has lately returned to the United States. PRIMER FOR COMBAT (Fabers. 8s. 6d.) is her first novel since her return, and an extraordinarily interesting piece of work. The subject she has chosen is the conflict in France between the collaborationists and those whose spirits did not surrender. Miss Boyle has been herself the neighbour of the little and great people she describes, and she writes of them with a sensitive insight that is built on experience.

The story begins with the signing of the French Armistice in 1940, and concerns the lives of three people who are shown against a carefully detailed background. As a study of the first months following the 1940 Armistice, and the struggles of the French at that time, either to adapt themselves or to continue resistance in their hearts, this is a profoundly moving book.

I am beginning to be a little worried about Mr. Peter Cheyney. Not that he is losing his grip ; not that his men aren't as tough, his girls as preposterously good-looking, and the situations he contrives for them as hair-raising and death-defying, but—and it's a big but—all his characters are beginning to do their work as a matter of principle, and not as a matter of roaring good fun. They shoot, and burgle, and drink, and slug people, as it were, for their country, and not for that low motive of personal profit which used to feature so consistently and with such disarming candour in Mr. Cheyney's previous stories.

THE STARS ARE DARK (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is, nevertheless, very good Cheyney. It is the adventures of a gang of patriotically minded men and women "with all to lose and nothing to gain," whose work is counter-espionage, of the most dangerous kind, and who stop at nothing to achieve their just ends. All of them, irrespective of sex, endure every kind of threat to life, limb and liver ; some of them are killed while on duty, and all contribute their own intrepid share to what is a first-rate adventure story.

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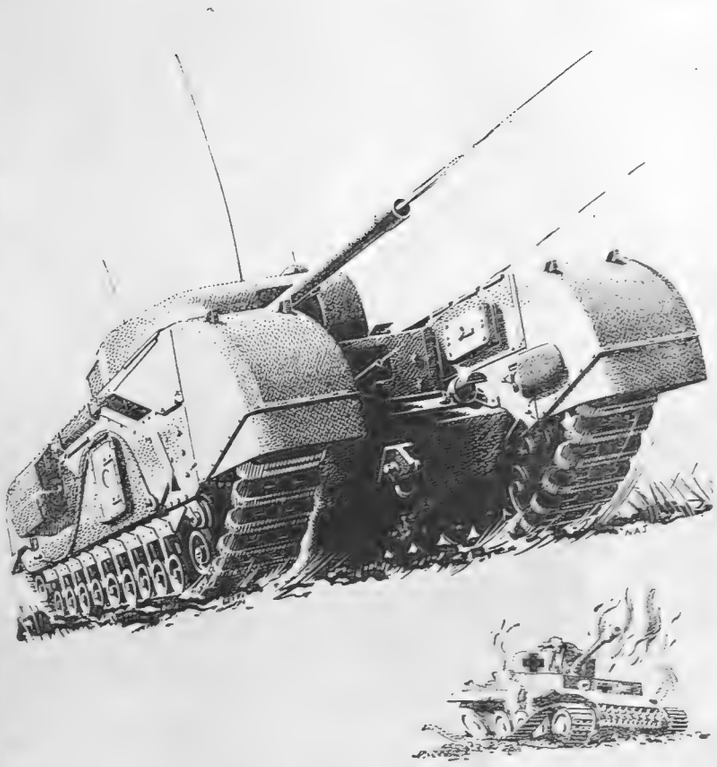

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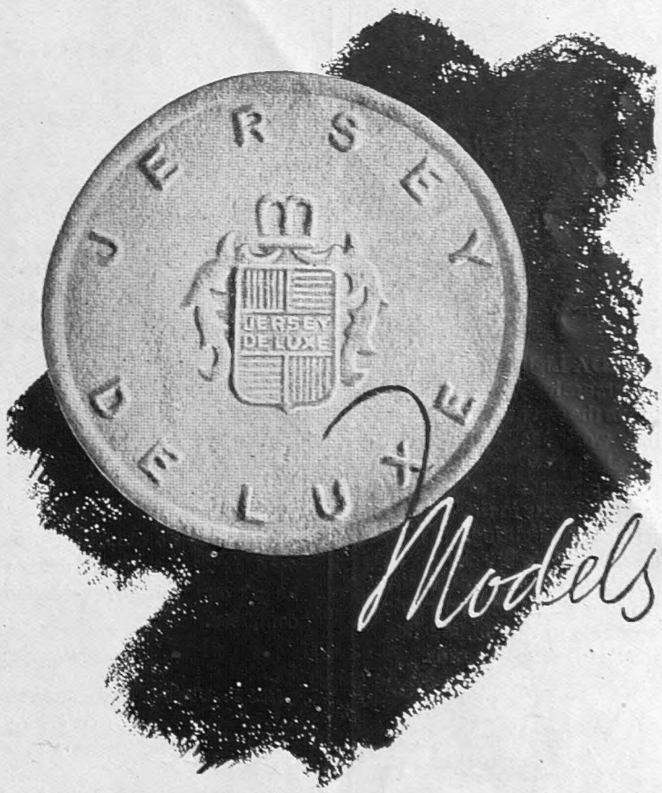

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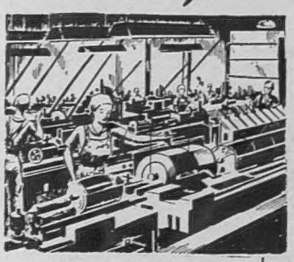

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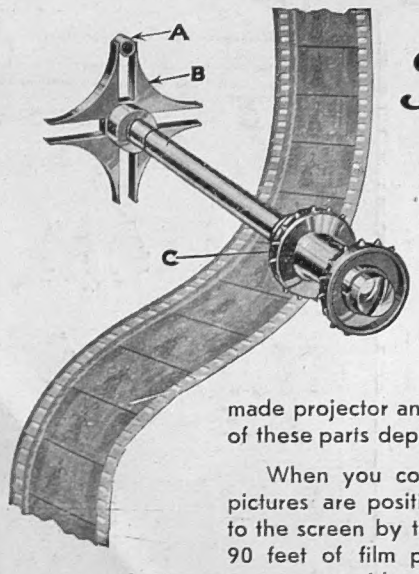

The Heart of the Cinema

Over half of all British cinemas are equipped with projection apparatus made by Kershaw. The cross and the sprocket form the heart of every Kershaw made projector and on the accurate manufacture of these parts depends the success of the whole.

When you consider that every second 24 pictures are positioned, stopped and projected to the screen by these parts and that there are 90 feet of film passing through the machine every minute, you get some idea of the work which is done by the heart of the projector.

This action demands a starting and stopping mechanism (A and B) to move the film forward one picture, and at the same time to hold that picture in exactly the right position whilst the "still" is projected to the screen. Since each picture is magnified from about the size of a postage stamp to the size of the picture you see on the screen, it will be fairly obvious that the degree of accuracy to which these parts are made must be extremely fine.

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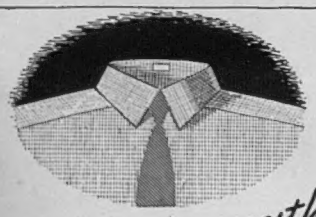

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'VAN HEUSEN' REGD
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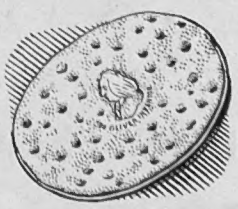

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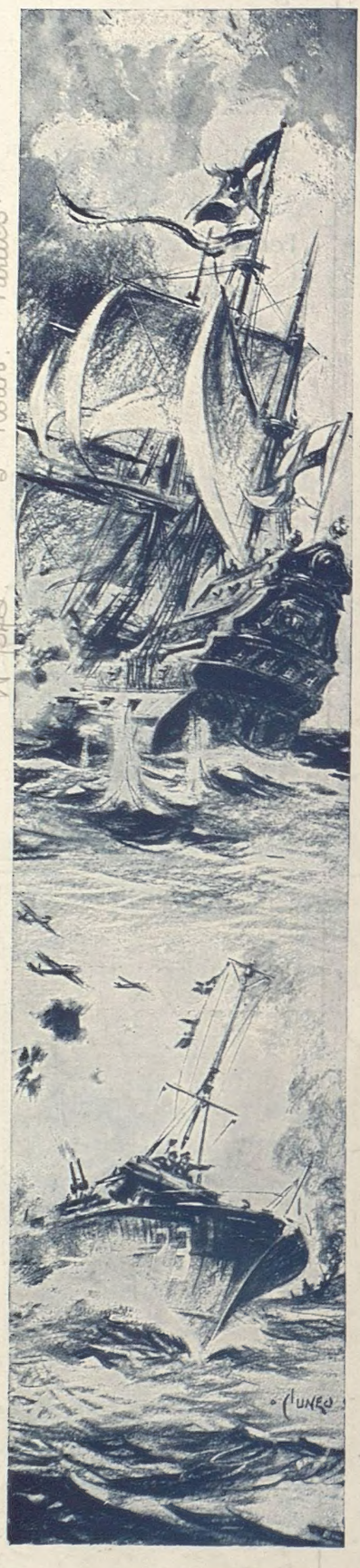

Drake, in his
immortal ship
still sails the seas
where English
mariners fight.
He marvels at
the ships beyond
his dream—the great
grey fortresses
that wait and watch
in Northern mists;
the submarines
who singe and sink
in the Middle Seas;
the fireships
that fly ! ! !
But most he loves . . .
the little ships
that fight the way
he fought : launches,
torpedo boats,
corvettes, destroyers—
swift, daring, deadly,
darting through spray
and smoke—to kill
at the foeman's door.
And the lads who
man them—
accountants, farmers,
shopmen, clerks,
smiths, carpenters
fishermen—who,
whether cradled
in the hills, in towns,
or by the creek—all,
all smell the salt
of rolling waters—
where England's
greatness rides—
Elizabethans All.

* * * *

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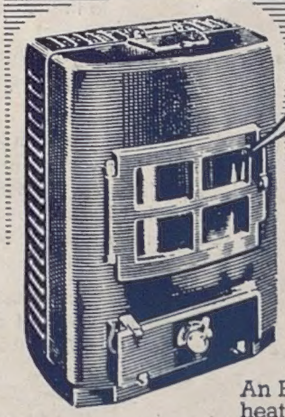

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